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P O E M S ;

BY

MRS. FRANCIS WATT.

EDITED BY

JAMES T. B. LANDON, M.A.

*Εὔροις ἄν ἴσως
οὐκ ἀπόμουσον τὸ γυναικῶν.*

EURIPIDES. MEDEA. 1077.

LONDON:

WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE MARIA LANE.
BROMSGROVE: MAUND AND PALMER.

BROMSGROVE :
MAUND AND PALMER, PRINTERS.

PR
5759
L0341 A17
Dedication.

MOTHER—I will not add one epithet
To that most holy name : Mother, receive
This simple tribute of a daughter's heart.
To thee my spirit turns : Thou art the link
'Twixt me and Heaven, where one is gone before
I dare not name, lest I should say too much—
Unveil the sealèd fountain of a love
That cannot die : oh, thou and I know well
The meaning of those words “ We bless thy name,
For all thy servants from this life departed
In faith and fear :” How many throbbing hearts
Breathe this of one, when at the appointed time
Our prayers for the Church militant arise ;
So, too, when evening falls, or morning dawns,
How many happy children pray for thee,
Rememb'ring all the tender love and care
That watch'd their infancy and riper years.
Yea, thine the praise that Holy Writ bestows—
“ Her children shall arise and call her blessed ;”
Aye, Mother, and thy children's children, too.

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A DREAM OF FAME.

Mid the golden realms of thought,
Where the mines of genius lie,
And a sun that never sets
Fills with light the summer sky :

Cradled in the arms of sleep,
Gently I was borne along,
Fancy in my drowsy ear,
Murm'ring low her varied song.

How my spirit drank the air,
Wand'ring through those fairy bowers,
Where the stream of poesie
Flows, amid its banks of flowers.

Sparkling in the sunshine bright
Roll those waters evermore,
And the waves with tuneful swell,
Break against the quiet shore.

On they lead, a path of light
 To yon temple far away,
 Where the marble columns rise,
 Stately in the noontide ray.

I, methought, with eager feet
 Followed bold the streamlet's course,
 Where through pleasant vales it past,
 Onward to its mighty source.

Flowers immortal bloom around,
 Gifted hands may gather them,
 And the poet for his brow
 Weave a noble diadem.

Then like music on mine ear
 Came a voice so low and sweet,
 That a little while I staid
 Beating heart and eager feet.

“ Turn, ah ! turn thine eyes away,
 Ere the fever rack thy breast,
 And the burning thirst for fame
 Fill the heart that finds no rest.

Not thy lot these flowers unfading,
 Deem not, therefore, fate unkind,
 Oft they prove a baneful gift,
 Scorching e'en the brows they bind :

They that quaff the living stream,
 They that win the deathless wreath,
 Often to their bosoms bring
 Madness, misery, and death.

They whose names have fill'd thine heart
 With the burning love of song,
 Gifted erring sons of light,
 Bend 'neath many a bitter wrong!

Only from the poet's grave,
 Rises fame with stainless wing,
 As she lov'd her amaranth
 O'er the senseless brow to fling.*

Turn then, turn thine eyes away,
 Love and hope are bright and pure,
 And affection's holy joys
 Through all changes shall endure."

Heedless of those warning words,
 Still, methought, I hurried on,
 Till I reach'd the temple gate,
 And the throne of fame was won.

What a glory fill'd the place!
 How the dazzled eyelids fall!
 As they vainly strive to gaze
 On the wonders of the hall.

* "And fresher from the untimely tomb,
 Renown's eternal laurels bloom."—CROKER.

High upon a royal throne,
 Sat the genius of the place ;
 Brows by distant ages crown'd,
 Youth immortal on her face.

White wing'd heralds standing round,
 Trumpets hold, and banners furl'd,
 Waiting till the voice of fame
 Send their music through the world.

Low before the throne I knelt,
 While my heart within my breast
 Flutter'd like a timid bird
 Stolen from its mother's nest.

“ Pardon, pardon, spirit bright,
 That I dare to seek thy throne,
 That I dare to claim the gift,
 Guarded for the great alone :

Not these worthless brows to bind,
 Have I sought thy deathless bays,
 But to deck one honor'd name
 With the meed of fame and praise :

'Twas for eyes where bright thro' time
 Still undying genius hovers,
 Rev'rend brows that holy age
 Like a crown of glory covers.

Mine had been a nobler strain,
Warm from life's scarce tasted bowl,
Ere the tempests of the world
Dimm'd the sunshine of my soul."

Startled at my bold request,
Then I paus'd in sudden fear,
While a voice in answer rose
Like a trumpet full and clear :

"Take the wreath, but murmur not,
If it wither in thy clasp ;
Men in every age have died
Fame a single hour to grasp."

As I stretch'd my eager hand,
Frighted slumber fled mine eye,
And my lately throbbing heart
Woke to dull reality.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

From the country of his fathers,
The land that own'd his sway ;
With a sad, and broken spirit,
The Bourbon turns away.

Like Boabdil el Chico,
Like Scotland's royal rose,
Like the last Stuart of England,
The people's monarch goes.

But exit more unkingly
By king was never made,
'The blazing star of Bourbon
Goes out in deeper shade :

No ray to gild its setting,
Or mark where 'neath the wave
Of giddy fatal tumult,
Its glory found a grave.

O'er his dim gaze strange visions
 Float from the buried past ;
 They whisper low how Charles the Tenth
 Dethron'd and exil'd past.

Point to the royal victim,
 The pale unwilling wife,
 Tell her long night of agony,
 Its hours of useless strife ;

Say how she wept when morning came,
 Then, amid tears and sighs,
 Sign'd at thy word the fatal deed,
 Her spirit's sacrifice.

But, why think now of Charles the Tenth,
 Or of the Queen of Spain,
 Are there not loyal hearts in France,
 Bold arms to strike again ?

Call thy brave sons around thee,
 Each spirit tried and sure !
 Where is the fiery Joinville,
 The courtly De Nemours !

At least the future monarch
 Will dare to couch a lance ;
 How should they crown him King of Spain,
 Who struck no blow for France !

Methinks had I been King like thee,
 I would have held my own ;
 Have won from fame a deathless name,
 A grave, if not a throne :

I would have had a home in France,
 The country of my birth ;
 A lordly home in the Tuileries,
 Or a narrow place in earth.

Where were the echoing thunders,
 That should have swept away
 The eager swinish multitude
 That kept a King at bay !

Where were the bounding chargers,
 The swords that girt thy throne ;
 A word from those white quiv'ring lips,
 Had made the day thine own !

But the blade sleeps in its scabbard,
 The Bourbon's reign is o'er,
 And the cannon's voice of thunder
 Shall guard thy throne no more.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

His foot is on a people's neck,
His grasp is on the crown ;
Nor reck's he, though beneath his tread
Are thousands trampled down.

“ Vive la Republique,” “ Vive la France,”
Still pours the patriot song,
But the soldier's cry, as on they rush,
Is, “ Vive Napoleon.”

Veterans are they from wild Algiers,
Harden'd with blood and spoil,
Till the slaughter of their countrymen,
Seems but a pleasant toil.

See, mingling with the artizan,
White hands have grasp'd the blade ;
Student, and blouse, and orator,
Together stand array'd.

Round freedom's trembling altar,
 Those fearless victims stand;
 And while they live no tyrant's yoke
 Shall gall their native land.

Down with them, sweep the streets with grape,
 They well deserve to die,
 What greater crime can Louis own,
 Than love of liberty?

Oh, Godless Paris, when for thee,
 Shall peace her flag unroll;
 What voices murmur from thy stones,
 What blood is on thy soul!

In thought I turn to that sad day,
 When 'neath his people's eye;
 Led like a felon to the block,
 A King came forth to die.

Nature herself, that mournful hour
 Put on a brow of gloom,
 And heavy mist o'erhung the streets,
 And wrapp'd the place of doom:

But not within that royal heart,
 Not o'er that stedfast eye,
 The greedy mob, that long'd for blood,
 Beheld a hero die.

“ Place for the Austrian woman ? ” see !
 In garments scant, and mean,
 With taunt, and jeer, they drag to death
 A pale “ dis-crownèd ” Queen.

She heareth not yon perjur’d priest,
 Her raised and anxious eye
 Is ever fix’d, as the car moves on,
 By a distant lattice high.

She knows a holy man stands there,
 She sees his white lips part ;
 And the bitterness of death hath past,
 For ever from her heart.

Oh, beautiful in life and death
 Royal Elizabeth !
 A people, drunk with carnage, wept
 To look upon thy death :

And sadder still the princely boy,
 So late a nation’s pride,
 Debas’d, enslaved, by cruel hands,
 Pin’d, withered, droop’d, and died.

Sleep, hapless child, thy mournful fate,
 Shall grief, and anger wring,
 From pitying hearts that vainly weep
 The little captive King.

More blood, more blood, that guilty age
 Stands foremost in all time,
 The darkest page in history,
 Her carnival of crime.

Calm broods o'er France, such calm as broods
 When hidden tempests sleep,
 Ere the chain'd demons of the storm,
 Forth from their caverns leap.

The eagle loves a forward flight,
 Though now her wing be furl'd ;
 Yet once let France be all her own,
 She'll go to rouse the world.

The soul that sent her terrors forth
 Still rules the nation's heart ;
 And her dearest blood shall flow again
 At the voice of Buonaparte.

Yet England hath a sword as keen,
 And hearts as bold, and true ;
 As when she dragg'd the eagle down,
 On the plains of Waterloo.

Then tarry in thy nest proud bird,
 Or beard the lion's might ;
 We shall not fear a righteous war,
 And " God defend the right "

THE CONFESSION.

“ Awake, awake, good brother John,
Take cross and rosary,
Hasten, or sister Claribel
Must unanealed die.”

Up from his couch the friar sprung,
And donn'd his gown, and hood,
The moon, that gilds the winter sky
Shall light him through the wood.

What knew he of the dying nun ?
That he should tremble so,
Till scarcely can his shaking hand
Smooth his dark garment's flow.

With low bent head he swiftly trode,
And mutter'd a fervent prayer ;
His tall form shook, his heart beat high
As he reach'd the convent stair.

There stood a nun with veiled face ;
 Silent she led the way,
 Through cloisters dark, whose mould'ring walls
 Had never seen the day.

Noiseless she glided on before,
 Till they reach'd the chilly cell,
 Where lay in mortal agony
 The dying Claribel.

On that pale face, and heavy eye,
 Stream'd full the lamp's wan light ;
 And round her shoulders wav'd a mass
 Of loosen'd tresses bright :

For, yet in her noviciate,
 Those locks were still unshorn ;
 She'll slumber in her early grave,
 The fatal vow unsworn.

Her eyes seem'd fearful things to see,
 Unmark'd by those around ;
 Her livid lip seem'd muttering,
 Although it gave no sound.

She toss'd her thin white arms around,
 And turn'd from side to side ;
 As the Father mark'd her frantic mien,
 His heart within him died.

He had known her in other days,
In careless youth's gay hour,
And she that was so beautiful
Is now a broken flower.

His soul turn'd back to thoughts of youth,
With vain and yearning love ;
He saw no more the form that there,
With pain and passion strove.

The vision memory brings him now,
Is of unmixed loveliness ;
With laughing eye, and ruby lip,
That only smil'd to bless.

Beside the bed the Abbess stood,
Pallid with holy dread,
For pity still had power to move
The heart to passion dead.

And further wrapp'd in deeper gloom,
In their dark garments roll'd,
Two of the holy sisters stood,
Trembling with fear and cold.

For it was a chill December night,
The winds so loud and high,
Sung masses for the sinful dead,
As they swept through the sky.

They tell us, on such stormy nights
 The guilty ever die,
 And fiends rejoice, and longing wait
 To catch the parting sigh.

“ Now, daughter, let thy sinful soul
 Turn to a pitying Heaven ;
 So may thy crimes, though dark as night,
 In mercy be forgiven.

Slowly she turn'd her heavy eye
 Towards his cowl-hid face,
 “ Oh welcome thou that hither bringst
 Pardon, and Heaven's grace.

Father, I cannot, cannot die,
 Till I tell thee all the sin,
 That like a cruel vulture gnaws
 My guilty breast within.

Kind Mother, Sisters, leave us now,
 Unmeet for gentle ears,
 The record of my misery,
 Its passion, and its tears.”

The holy sisters left the cell,
 She rais'd her eyes to Heaven,
 Oh ! be her fainting, striving, soul
 In mercy now forgiven.

In tones of woe, both hoarse and low,
 Her words from parch'd lips fell :
 The monk hath bent him low to hear,
 The tale he knew too well.

All unconnected, wild, and strange,
 With ghastly brow and cheek,
 It seem'd to be an agony,
 And yet relief to speak.

“ Scarce twenty summers have gone by
 Since first I saw the light,
 Yet I before the morning dawn
 Must bid the earth good night.

“ Oh that while yet a happy child,
 My soul had found its rest !
 Father, I would that I had died
 Upon my mother's breast.

“ And what is death ? the innocent
 May lay them calmly down,
 Though gloomily to guilty hearts
 Those darken'd chambers frown.

“ But I am dying, and I waste
 The short, the precious hour,
 Won from the grudging hand of death
 By mercy's holy power.

“Oh love like mine could never die!

It mocks the convent's gloom,
And rises with unshaken strength
Immortal o'er the tomb.

“And did they deem that such a love
Could bow to interest ;
That the heart's shrine might yield its god
And hold another guest.

“Oh ! how I loath'd that fair hair'd youth,
My haughty father's choice ;
He read it on my frowning brow,
And in my alter'd voice.

“I spurn'd him in the lighted hall,
I mock'd him in the bower ;
I knew his thoughts were not of love,
But of my princely dower.

“Well might he from my lattice mark—
A sight to quell his rage,
The goodly lands that spread afar
Of my broad heritage.

“The mean of heart, the weak of hand,
I sought a fitter mate ;
Not one too passionless for love,
Too impotent for hate.

“ My lover was no mincing youth,
 To tread the lighted hall ;
 With eagle eye and bearded lip,
 And stature nobly tall.”

She paus'd with faint and gasping breath,
 As pain shot through her breast ;
 Then quiet lay with half-closed eye,
 As in her latest rest.

So pale, so still, that grief-worn face,
 The monk, above her bent ;
 And up to Heaven, his fervent prayer,
 With beating heart, was sent.

But see the last pale rose of life
 Is yet upon her cheek ;
 And see the fading lamps of life,
 From those white eyelids break.

Fainter her tones—“ That fatal day,
 The day that seal'd my fate,
 And planted in a tender heart
 The poisonous seeds of hate.

“ How red, and bright, and beautiful,
 That evening sun went down ;
 Like some bold king that goes to war,
 And dies beneath the crown.

“ And I was glad to see him set,
 And long'd for gloomy night ;
 Darkness to others it might bring,
 But it would bring me light.

“ Before another sun could rise
 I should be far away,
 Well mounted on my lover's steed,
 Or sailing through the bay.

“ Once, when the night was dark and still,
 I heard, or seem'd to hear,
 The clashing as of meeting swords,
 And ringing of the spear.

“ Then all was hush'd—there reign'd around
 A silence, as of death,
 Save for the beating of my heart,
 The panting of my breath.

“ Why came he not ? the east grew red,
 The stars fled, one by one,
 And rolling from the beacon height
 I heard the morning gun.

“ And I, within my secret bower,
 Had sate the livelong night,
 Till on my aching brow and eye,
 Stream'd full the morning light.

“ Hast thou watch'd, ere the last faint spark
 Of ling'ring hope expire,
 While the dark waters of despair
 O'ersweep its holy fire ?

“ So may'st thou know how terrible,
 How deep must be the grief
 That rushes to the arms of death,
 Its last and stern relief.

“ I know it was a sinful thought
 To dare that hidden foe,
 To rush unbidden from the world,
 Perchance to deeper woe.

“ Yet, not for him the fatal drug
 I hid within my vest ;
 And yet, methinks, his early death
 Is heavy on my breast.

“ Father, the dying must be true,
 And by my woes I swear !
 'Twas for myself, that poison sure,
 I hid with so much care.

“ My maidens dried my dewy locks,
 And braided them with gold,
 And rob'd my unresisting form
 In many a satin fold.

“ They bound upon my aching brow
 The pure white bridal veil,
 And marvel'd when they saw my cheek
 So calm, and yet so pale :

“ So calm, and this my bridal day,
 Where the bride's timid fears,
 The struggling smile, the tender sigh,
 The April shower of tears.

“ My Mother bless'd me, and she look'd
 With pride upon my face,
 For never had she seen it wear
 A more majestic grace.

“ Then proudly through those cloisters old
 Peal'd the loud nuptial hymn ;
 Methought how soon my home would be
 Beneath those arches dim.

“ I look'd upon the bridegroom's face,
 His cheek glow'd like a girl's,
 His very forehead, at my glance,
 Burnt 'neath its yellow curls.

“ They join'd our hands, mine passively
 In his lay cold, and still,
 And yet across my loathing breast
 There ran an icy chill.

“ Then the priest’s voice rose high, and clear,
 The fatal vow he spoke,
 But from these lips no low response
 The solemn silence broke.”

“ They heeded not, the rites were o’er,
 The church’s blessing said,
 And loud the mighty chorus peal’d
 Around the knightly dead.

“ My bride, my love”—“ with quiv’ring limbs
 I sprung from his embrace,
 And on my weeping Mother’s neck,
 I hid my burning face.

“ His bride, my bosom whispered low,
 To-day, but not to-morrow :
 Who weds with an unwilling mate
 Shall have a dower of sorrow.

“ Mother, ’tis o’er”—“ what mean’st thou, child,
 This calm, is it despair ?”

“ She started, for beside us stood
 One, unexpected there.

“ Hold water to the dying man,
 In that fell agony,
 When nature longs, yet loathes to drink,
 Mark well his gasping sigh.

“ Watch the fierce struggle, thirst and pain
 At war within his breast
 As though some fiend, from his parch'd lip,
 Dash'd back the offering blest:

“ So felt I when my lover stood,
 Pale, and reproachful there ;
 Grief in his eye, and on his lip
 The silence of despair,

“ Too late, too late ! how pale he is,
 There's blood upon his brow ;
 And see red drops, adown his neck,
 Are trickling dark and slow.

“ Then wearied nature fail'd at last,
 And memory left her throne,
 And fainting to the earth I sank,
 As life itself were gone.

“ In that dark trance for hours I lay,
 And found a short relief :
 Ah ! woe betide their thankless care,
 I woke too soon to grief.



“ They tell me, Father, I was mad,
Yet I remember all,
The music, and the whirling dance,
And that great lighted hall.


“ Then bolder wax'd the bridegroom's mirth,
When loud the tables rung ;
And many a brimming cup was drain'd,
And knightly deeds were sung.

“ Mine was a goblet chas'd in gold,
With rubies round the rim ;
My Father fill'd it foaming high,
And bade me drink to him.

“ Just at that moment, every eye
Turn'd to a youth who sung ;
I drew the poison from my vest,
And in the goblet flung.

“ Yet still the glad wine sparkled up,
Amid its shining wreath,
E'en as the smile upon my brow
Hid the dark thought of death.

“ But scarcely could my trembling lip,
The fatal goblet taste,
Ere from my grasp the bridegroom's hand
Snatch'd it in laughing haste :”



“ Be mine the cup thy touch hath bless’d,”
 “ With joyous voice he cried,”
 “ While in its hallow’d stream I pledge
 Thy health, my lovely bride.”

“ He quaff’d the wine with eager lip,
 Then flung the goblet by ;
 And white as marble grew his cheek,
 And light fled from his eye.

“ To earth he sank, while I sate by,
 As one who in a dream
 Hath wander’d all too near the brink
 Of some wild roaring stream.

“ Upsprung in haste each startled guest,
 While kinsmen gather’d round,
 And threat’ning swords rung in the sheath,
 With sullen clashing sound.

“ They rais’d his head, methought his eyes
 Met mine with angry glare ;
 Though their dim moveless balls were set
 In death’s unconscious stare.

“ Haunt me not now, ye cold blue orbs,
 With your dull glance of rage ;
 Wrong’d spirit, let my penitence
 Thine awful wrath assuage,”

She paus'd—then murmur'd in her talk,
 Of flowery woods and fields—
 Of some clear fount that mid the shade
 Its sparkling water yields.

Then made as though she bath'd her brow,
 Within the fancied stream,
 Or gather'd buds to bind her hair,
 In that short happy dream.

But reason's dying lamp once more
 Shone round the wretched maid,
 And nearer drew the anxious monk,
 As her last words were said.

— — — — —
 — — — — —
 — — — — —
 — — — — —

“ They told me that my love was dead,
 And then they brought me here :
 Ah ! what was that fell on my hand,
 It could not be a tear.

Thou, surely, dost not weep for me,
 The wretched and the lost ;
 Rejoice, Rejoice ! thy tranquil heart
 Was never passion-tost.

“ Mid the still paths where virtue dwells,
 Thy better part was taken ;
 Love’s fever, whether joy or pain,
 Thy breast hath never shaken.

“ Oh, but to see his face once more !
 To hear him breathe my name !
 Though the grave open’d at my voice,
 And from its depths he came.”

E’en, at that word, he rais’d his head,
 And shew’d his cowl-hid face ;
 Dim the light of his glancing eye,
 Yet there was beauty’s trace.

Her fingers drew those features pale,
 And smooth’d that lofty brow ;
 Though grief had mar’d the finish’d work,
 And chang’d their freshness now.

Up starts the nun, with life’s last strength,
 Had her weak words such power ?
 She deems the very graves are leagued
 To soothe her parting hour.

She laid her hand upon his own,
 Bold in death’s agony ;
 It was no shape of yielding air
 Her trembling grasp to fly.

Slowly she sank upon the bed,
 Her eye still on his face ;
 And even as her spirit past,
 He whisper'd Heaven's grace.

The monk bent o'er the quiet dead,
 He rais'd his heart to Heaven,
 In prayer for the spirit that had past,
 That it might be forgiven :

He closed her eyes with tender hand,
 And smooth'd her shining hair ;
 And as in calm repose she lay,
 Her face was very fair.

With noiseless step, he turn'd away,
 To leave the mournful cell ;
 But paus'd awhile to look his last
 On her he'd lov'd so well.

They buried the nun with dirge and song,
 And torches blazing clear ;
 But only one true mourner wept
 Above that early bier.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT AT SEA.

Never in those waters more
Shall they dip the plashing oar ;
Never fling the silver spray,
O'er the billows wide away.

Did ye the adventurers mark ?
As they leapt upon their bark ;
Though their numbers were but few,
Ne'er had boat more gallant crew.

Darkness overcast the world,
Every fisher's sail was furl'd,
When our watcher mark'd a light
O'er the wave that glitter'd bright.

Well its meaning we might guess,
'Twas some vessel in distress—
Whelming water, raging fire,
Parching thirst, or famine dire.

Then the noble-hearted rose
 From their brief, but sweet, repose ;
 E're the midnight bell had rung,
 To their ready oars they sprung.

Calm the sea, though dim and dark,
 As they leapt upon their bark ;
 Each eye strain'd to mark the light,
 O'er the wave that glittered bright.

One, a grey-haired sire, had come
 From a low and lonely home ;
 Should he perish in the wave,
 There were none to weep his grave.

He and solitude had been
 Sole companions on the scene,
 Where a tender mother smil'd
 On her merry-hearted child.

Yet one thought his soul possess'd,
 Last desire that warm'd his breast,
 'Twas to share in earth's embrace,
 With the lost their resting-place.

Never more, ah ! never more,
 Drifted from the quiet shore,
 Sleeps he pillow'd on the wave—
 Chilly shroud, unhallowed grave.

But the leader of the band,
 Gems were on his goodly hand ;
 And the breezes, light and fair,
 Danc'd amid his scented hair.

Tried and dauntless sailor he,
 Fearless rider of the sea,
 In that small and fragile boat,
 Wont amid the storm to float.

Now the soft and dying gale
 Scarcely mov'd the flapping sail,
 Lull'd it seemed, in peace and rest,
 On the dark sea's quiet breast.

Yet the latest link must sever,
 (In the wave to sleep for ever),
 Of that race whose worth and fame
 Spread a halo round thy name.

O'er thine own ancestral halls,
 Night's dark shadow darker falls ;
 There thy mother takes her rest,
 Peace within her gentle breast.

Warning voice, or sound of fear,
 Broke not on her closèd ear ;
 Who may tell her that her child
 Perish'd in the waters wild.

O'er thy noble father's rest,
 Bent in woe each sable guest ;
 And the arches overhead,
 Echo'd to the mourner's tread.

In their vaulted halls they sleep,
 Thou too hast the boundless deep,
 And thine anthem's rolling dirge
 Is the beating of the surge.

Thou wert nature's favoured child—
 Tutor'd in her forests wild ;
 And thine early grave shall be
 In her mightiest treasury.

Slowly from our aching sight,
 Pass'd that strange mysterious light ;
 And the plash of oars had died
 In the rippling of the tide.

Vainly still our bosoms yearn,
 For that gallant crew's return ;
 Sunshine glitter'd on the shore,
 But, alas ! they came no more.

Had some demon of the wave,
 Lur'd them to their wat'ry grave,
 Laughing at our anxious woe,
 As he dragg'd them down below :

Or within those coral cells,
Where the lovelorn mermaid dwells;
Might the sea nymph's art prepare,
Joys more bright, or home more fair.

Mortal eye ne'er pierced the gloom
Of the veil that hid their doom;
Shrouded in the past it lies,
One of ocean's mysteries.

DEATH AND THE BRIDEGROOM.

How yonder burst of music rolls along !
The air is heavy with exulting song ;
Lo, summer's roses, on yon fragrant shrine,
Mix with the splendour of the Indian mine ;
The sun without, that shines too fiercely bright
Through the stain'd windows, flings a richer,
holier, light.

Yet hark ! mid the chorus a dirge-like tone,
Tender and sad like the winds hollow moan,
That wail through the casement with hollow
breath,
As we shuddering stand by the bed of death.

Lo there, God's priest stands ealm and mildly
 grave,
 Happy to bless the beautiful, and brave,
 Yet sad to think how much of sorrow lies
 In future hours, to mar their paradise ;
 He sees them reach the long desired goal.
 And pensive sorrow steals upon his holy soul.

There's a hectic flush on the bride's fair cheek :
 Young bridegroom, her faltering step is
 weak,
 Too bright is the gleam of that worship'd eye,
 E'en love cannot shield her, the lov'd must
 die.

Well may the city don her best array,
 And pour her wealth of flower and song to-day ;
 Friend, father, brother, join alike to raise
 To Heaven the incense of their joyful praise :
 Beauty and love, in holy bands accord,
 And valour gains its brightest, holiest, reward.

Hath Hugo no rival ?—a mighty one :
 The bride in her closet hath heard his tone ;
 It arous'd her not, from her dream of bliss,
 But her cheek is dyed with a burning kiss

Woe for the heart that sets its love on earth,
 There's poison in the fullest cup of mirth ;
 The snowy cloud on which the sunset flings
 Such radiant hues, as deck an angel's wings ;
 Bears in its fleecy lap the lightning warm,
 And rolls forth thunder to proclaim the coming
 of the storm.

Go cull me the bud that will never die,
 Or shew me the lip that will never sigh ;
 With them alone is the bright favour'd spot,
 Where death, with his dread whisper, cometh
 not.

Hath earth no treasure powerful to beguile,
 No bribe to make death wait a little while ;
 Might not a meaner victim to his might
 Sate the grave's all-craving appetite ?
 The wretched, the degraded, quiet give ;
 But she is loved, and loving, let her live.

No—the word is spoken—the arrow sent,
 And the fragile thread of existence rent ;
 Wealth, rank, and love had no power to save
 And the husband sits by a new-made grave,

"CAR DE SA MERE ON SE SOUVIENT
TOUJOURS." FRENCH SONG.

Oh take me back, my mother, back to thy
loving breast,

My soul's wings droop and tire, they long to be
at rest ;

Oh take me back, my mother, my spirit's
chang'd and meek,

Sorrow is in my broken heart, and tears are
on my cheek.

No ear but thine should listen, the bitterness
that rung

The waters from mine eyelids—reproaches
from my tongue :

Reproaches, did I say, ah ! no ; 'tis an ungentle
word

And ne'er from lip of maiden should angry
tone be heard.

And yet, I gave him all, mother ; I gave him
all my love :

Our troth was fondly plighted, deep in yon
silent grove

Had you but seen the gladness that lit his
 radiant eye,
 You would have sworn no falsehood, could
 'neath its sweetness lie.
 When e're with me conversing, his voice grew
 soft and low,
 And on his manly features a deeper flush
 would glow :
 For me he lov'd to watch at morn, the crimson
 buds unclose,
 Till now I loathe to look upon the bright and
 blameless rose.
 Nay, turn not from me mother, rather than
 you should weep,
 I'll bid my aching bosom its mournful secret
 keep ;
 And yet, methinks, it soothes me, my hopeless
 woes to rest,
 Within that quiet refuge—a mother's holy
 breast.
 Deceit's accurst of Heaven—it is a dreadful
 wrong.
 What succour for the helpless, when false-
 hood's with the strong.
 My soul on his went leaning, but now my
 prop is gone,
 And I can feel how desolate it is to be alone.

He found me like a linnet, that in some
 shady wood
 Flies cheerily from bough to bough, and
 hymns his merry mood.
 Now, like that bird, when some rude shaft
 has parted life and love,
 I roam the dreary thicket of this world's
 gloomy grove :
 All lovely things remind me how much I
 have been blest,
 Earth hath no quiet harbour, where weary
 souls may rest :
 For memory's voice is agony, her brow is
 wreath'd with gloom,
 And even hope's glad finger points downward
 to the tomb,
 Talk not of pride, my mother, it will not rise
 for you,
 Who bade me love from childhood the humble
 and the true ;
 Since first I knelt beside you, I've told you all
 my cares—
 Oh that the time would come again for child-
 hood's happy prayers !
 Now when in prayer I bend me, as in those
 blessed years,
 My heart is full of hatred, mine eyes are dim
 with tears :

Indignant thoughts are rising, to keep my
soul from Heaven,

How can the unforgiving 'ere hope to be
forgiven?

Kneel with me, gentle mother, your heart
is meek and kind,

Our prayers shall rise together, and swift
acceptance find.

So on this broken spirit may peace at length
descend,

And balm-bestowing patience her soothing
quiet lend.

THE PENITENT.

Deep in an old Bohemian wood,
Where the blast might never come—
Where banish'd sunlight never shone,
A spirit had his home.

An exile he from fairy land,
Dwelt sad and lonely there ;
While mournfully his harp's wild notes
Thrill'd on the charmed air.

One eve he laid him drooping down,
Beneath a spreading oak ;
With pale cheek resting on his hand,
The weary spirit spoke.

“ Ah, why was I immortal made,
 Condemn'd in grief to languish ;
 How gladly would I welcome death,
 If death might still my anguish.

“ Never may tears from immortal eyes,
 To ease the spirit flow ;
 Never the balm of holy sleep,
 May transient peace bestow.”

The master of the spirit heard,
 As he feasted in fairy land ;
 He paus'd amid his revelry—
 The goblet in his hand.

“ A voice disturbs my festal hours,
 A voice of pain and woe ;
 It is the too ambitious sprite,
 That sojourneth below.

He hath wander'd seven years in grief,
 His heart is chang'd and meek ;
 Amid the music of our halls,
 His voice in vain we seek.

We miss the sweetness of his tones,
 The sunshine of his eye ;
 He shall come back to grace again
 Our fairy revelry.

But let him leave his witching harp,
 Where now he dwells on earth,
 That he may think upon his sin
 Amid the hours of mirth."

Near the throne stood a lovely sprite,
 Before the monarch's feet
 She kneels in humble reverence,
 And her words are low and sweet.

"Grant me the dear, the holy task,
 To bring the wand'rer home ;
 From these fair halls, where gladness reigns,
 No more in grief to roam."

The monarch smil'd a gay consent,
 She spreads her snowy wings ;
 Oh, lovely is the messenger
 That peace and freedom brings !

She paus'd beside an ancient wood,
 She heard the spirit's lyre,
 Which somewhat of its sweetness kept,
 Tho' dimm'd its former fire.

And now before his eyes she stands,
 With her white folded wings ;
 His hand that had the music made,
 Paus'd on the trembling strings.

“ Freedom and joy, oh ! exil'd one,
 These cherished gifts I bring ;
 But the glad harp we love so well,
 Thro' Elfland may not ring.”

Oh ! wild and thrilling was the joy,
 That fill'd the spirit's breast ;
 As on the radiant messenger
 His eyes delighted rest.

“ The scents of Heaven are on thy wing,
 Across my soul they come ;
 Bearing it back to blissful hours,
 Spent in our fairy home.

“ Oh, gentle messenger, and fair,
 My thoughts have been of thee,
 As in this lonely place I dwelt,
 While thou wert glad and free.

“ Yet e're I go, my own sweet harp
 Shall fill the air once more ;
 Oh, all the harps of fairy land,
 My own may not restore.”

At that proud sound, came thronging round,
 The inmates of the wood ;
 Left the wild beast his gory feast,
 And signs of rapture shew'd.

Away, away, to fairy land,
 On shining wings they flew ;
 How freshly in the exile's eye,
 Look'd the turf's em'rald hue.

He held beside the royal board,
 The place he used to fill ;
 But in the wildest hour of mirth,
 His harp was wanting still.

That harp was in the silent wood,
 Hung on the oak tree's bough ;
 To be his prize whose cunning hand,
 Could rule its numbers' flow.

Ambition heard the wondrous tale,
 He donn'd his armour bright ;
 To him who had the mighty slain,
 The present toil seem'd light.

He seiz'd in his unconquer'd hand,
 The harp from the leafy bough ;
 But no sweet strain is on the air,
 No graceful numbers' flow.

As scorch'd by fire the silver strings,
 Wither'd beneath his clasp ;
 With low'ring brow and angry eye,
 He flung it from his grasp.

Peace touch'd the lyre with gentle hand,
 But her notes were all too low ;
 Lost in the murmur of the breeze,
 And in the streamlet's flow.

A thousand fingers swept the lyre,
 But none the prize might gain ;
 Yet sweetest to the list'ning ear,
 Was pity's gentle strain.

At length came love, and wild commotion
 Through all the grove was heard ;
 The nymphs and dryads of the wood
 Were at his coming stir'd.

They wreath'd afresh their flowing locks,
 And sought the fountain's glass ;
 Then watch'd each shady avenue,
 To see young Cupid pass.

How sweetly warbled through the wood,
 Those clear melodious notes ;
 Why scarcely from the master-hand
 More dulcet music floats.

Love from the wood triumphant,
 Bore the sweet harp away ;
 And since that time a universe
 Hath own'd his rightful sway.

THE AVENGER.

His spirit is sad,
In the home of his sire,
His heart hath no joy,
And his eye hath no fire.

Why left ye the broad lands,
These halls to be mine ;
Without the strong courage,
The pride of your line.

Stern in bright armour,
Each ancestor bold,
Looks out from the framework
Of rich fretted gold.

Round beautiful faces,
 The soft ringlets wave ;
 They were mothers of heroes,
 And mates of the brave.

But red embers fall
 On the spiritless face,
 On the dull mournful eye
 Of the last of your race.

With me it shall perish,
 That high sounding name ;
 The worship'd of honour,
 The cherished of fame.

I never had children
 To twine round my heart ;
 I am lonely, all lonely,
 And so must depart.

As low breathèd music
 From memory flies,
 Like a drop in the sunshine
 That bubbles and dies.

Oh for sweet voices
 To cheer up my hall ;
 There's sunshine and music,
 Where young footsteps fall

Clos'd is the fountain
 Of joy in my breast,
 The smile of an infant
 Might wake it from rest.

They call to the banquet,
 Lo, red wine foams high ;
 With a smile on her gay lip,
 My Lady sits by.

She heeds not my anguish,
 My hopeless despair ;
 While diamonds gleam
 In her dark braided hair.

The warm blush of beauty
 Glows soft on her cheek ;
 No sign might you read there
 Her lineage to speak.

Tho' the blood of the peasant
 Rolls darkly below ;
 Yet never gaz'd lover
 On haughtier brow.

Mid the leaves of the forest
 Our wooing was done ;
 'Neath the eaves of a cottage
 My first kiss was won.

I deem'd her my own,
 By the holiest ties ;
 Should not love, the devoted,
 From gratitude rise ?

But the spirit that tended
 Our halls till that day,
 From these ill-fated towers
 Fled shrieking away.

When blinded by beauty,
 With love for my guide,
 I took to my bosom
 A portionless bride.

Oh, ne'er till that moment
 This proud blood of mine,
 Had mingled its stream
 With a lowlier line.

The curse of my ancestors
 Cleaves to my name ;
 The sower of love
 Reaps a harvest of shame.

Now bright flows the goblet,
 They drink to my dame ;
 Not one of the revellers
 Pledgeth my name.

And who is the gallant,
 That whispers so near ;
 And, mid laughter and music,
 Still seeketh her ear ?

I, too, have invited
 A terrible guest ;
 They see not the cold hand
 I hold to my breast.

Ah ! tremble, gay traitor,
 The wrath to arouse,
 Of the lord of the banquet,
 The nobly born spouse.

Should the sword of his ancestors
 Sleep at his side,
 When the lip of dishonour,
 Breathes hot on his bride ?

I catch meaning glances,
 They whisper my name ;
 They mock at my sorrow,
 They sport with my shame.

I know a dark streamlet
 That sullenly flows ;
 And rarely a storm
 Wakes its depths of repose,

But open the floodgates,
 And over the plain
 It dashes in fury,
 No might may restrain.

And so shall the bosom
 That tamely hath borne
 Ingratitude's blight,
 And the finger of scorn :

At the voice of dishonour
 Rise fearless and free ;
 And the weight of its anger
 As awful shall be.

Smile on, fair deceiver,
 Thou know'st not the breast
 Thou hast filled with thine image,
 And robb'd of its rest.

Smile on, tho' fate's shadow
 Be flinging her gloom,
 And the meteor of passion
 May light to the tomb.

“ Ho ! page of my Lady,
 So ready at call ;
 To bear a gay message
 From bower to hall.

“ Here give to thy Mistress
 This goblet so bright ;
 For she and Sir Amice
 Shall pledge me to-night.

“ Now let there be silence,
 And drink with your host,
 My guests in full bumpers,
 A fair worthy toast.

“ Ye quaff from my goblet,
 And sit at my board ;
 One moment your patience,
 And list to my word.

“ Up, up with the beaker,
 A worthier theme,
 For praise or for honour,
 Ye know not I deem.

“ We drink to the Matron,
 Whose beauty and youth,
 Serve only to brighten
 Her love and her truth :

“ Whose heart from her husband
 In thought never swerv'd ;
 But against the deceiver,
 Has ever been nerv'd.

“ Come, pledge me the lady
 Thus faithful and true ;
 And may the inconstant
 Ne'er mingle with you.”

Oh pale grew that beauty !
 Tho' fearing to sip ;
 She lifted the goblet
 In haste to her lip :

Not so the young gallant,
 With eye gleaming hate ;
 He pledges his host
 In that cup of his fate.

Did you e'er mark the finger
 Of grey evening trace,
 Her broad heavy lines
 On some beautiful place :

How the landscape that charm'd you,
 In sunshine and light,
 First fades and then dies,
 In the bosom of night ?

E'en so on that visage,
 A garden of grace,
 Death's mantle of darkness
 Is falling apace.

“Nay, lay not, Sir Amice,
 Thy hand on thy sword ;
 Would'st slay me ?—ungrateful,
 Beside my own board ?

Ah, weak fall the fingers,
 That powerless grasp,
 The white hand of lady
 May never enclasp.

Thou hast play'd with the fire,
 Till scorch'd by its rays,
 Like the moth that still flutters,
 Thou diest mid the blaze.

The whisper of conscience
 Ne'er whiten'd the brow,
 Where the hue of death's fingers
 Is fast spreading now.

Long waited my vengeance,
 But heavy at last ;
 The dark retribution,
 I claim for the past.

Around crowd the menials,
 Their care shall be vain ;
 Deep drugg'd was the goblet,
 Short, short, be the pain.

“ Nay, hold not, young gallant,
 Thy sword to my heart ;
 Or grasp me so roughly,
 I shall not depart.”

The death that I gave them,
 I chose for my own ;
 With their's I shall mingle
 My life's parting groan.

I shall stand to confront them,
 The shame of my race ;
 Where the wrong'd and the wronger
 Shall meet face to face.

The scented lamps swinging,
 On dark eyes may shine :
 But their beams, though the brightest,
 Are fading from mine.

How high danced the spirit,
 E're while in each breast ;
 But its joy is all fled
 At the sight of my guest.

He wither'd the roses,
 The lights with his breath ;
 Give my true friend a welcome,
 My only one—death !

THE ITALIAN MOTHER.
FROM "I PROMESSI SPOSI."—MANZONI.

That lovely face on its clear lines displayed
The timid softness joined with majesty,
Seen only on the brow, of classic maid,
Treading thy vineyards, sunny Lombardy.

There were no tears within her restful eyes,
But they bore signs of having shed so many ;
Her bosom oft had heav'd with bitter sighs,
Though cold and placid now it gave not any.

Cold were her beautiful, her strong ones low :
Now her o'erburden'd heart had ceased to weep,
As a wild stream that bursts its banks, to flow
Over the meadows, calm as childhood's sleep.

So had the storm of grief that overwhelm'd her,
 Stunn'd and destroy'd the latest spark of
 feeling,

Till dreary calmness, opiate given slumber,
 Fell like night's shadows o'er her bosom stealing

The plague had been in Milan, and her
 dwelling

Was mark'd a scene of woe beyond the rest ;
 Hot tears within the Mother's eyes were
 swelling,

But deeper anguish heav'd the widow's breast.

She saw them die, her beautiful, her dear,
 The wife and mother, one by one, they pass'd,
 Till nought remained to hope, and nought to
 fear—

Save for one gem—her brightest and her last.

But woe for her when that white eyelid fell,
 And stillness settled round those trembling
 lips,

So very fair ; but ah, she knew too well
 Death oft in brightest hues his pencil dips.

I saw her when the sun's last lustre play'd
 Upon her wasted figure and wan face,
 As she stood leaning 'gainst a balustrade,
 A fair child firmly clasp'd in her embrace.

Her latest hope lay dead upon her breast ;
 On her the fatal plague spot too was lying ;
 Still she wept not, but only felt that rest
 Was in the whisper'd voice that told her dying.

Her beauteous child, it had its mother's face,
 But deeper stillness on the brow reposing,
 Told it had reach'd in peace that quiet place
 Whose heavy portals over her were closing.

Round that dead form, pure white robes loosely
 fall,
 The dark locks o'er the marble forehead
 braided,
 Were gaily wreath'd, as for a festival,
 With buds that made the human flow'r look
 faded.

Sweet bud that never lived to open forth
 Its scented petals to the summer wind ;
 But in its dawning beauty pressed the earth,
 Leaving no token of its sweets behind.

Yet better thus, for those soft nurtur'd flowers,
 That live to be a wonder and a joy,
 Must feel the storm, and bend before the
 showers
 That reck not of the blossoms they destroy.

“ My beauteous child, I do beseech ye, lay
Gently upon the breast of our great mother,
And come again to-morrow, there will stay
For your returning footsteps, yet another.

“ Place me in death beside my lovely one,
That we may rise together from the sod ;
She is so young, let her not rest alone,
Mothers, aye, should lead their babes to God.”

And death dealt gently with the mourning
dame,
He laid a soft hand on her weary brow ;
He took her lov'd ones, but in mercy came
To fetch her soul, they sleep together now.

THE SLEEPER'S REVEL.

Away, away, to the dome of sleep,
Where her walls are thick and her caverns deep;
Again shall the past to my visions rise,
But fainter its hues, less brilliant its dyes.
Garland my head with a poppy crown ;
I shall sink to rest upon beds of down,
While spirits come from the east and west,
And bear me the dreams that my soul loves best.
Memory's urn shall unroll her store,
The joys of the past at my feet to pour ;
The dead shall rise from their quiet rest ;
The winding-sheet flinging from each cold
 breast ;
Lo they shine in the beauty of earth,
E'en as they were in those days of mirth.

When gaily we met at revels high,
 And pleasure gleamed wild from each careless
 eye :

Cheeks that have lain for years in the tomb,
 Shall now rise again in unfaded bloom ;
 Eyes whose tears have for seasons been dry,
 Shall sparkle with joy as they wander by ;
 And voices whose tones have long been mute,
 Shall rival the notes of the witching lute.
 I revel to-night with the lost, the dead,
 By the voice of sleep to my banquet led :
 There is no sound of their coming feet,
 No welcoming smile, and no word to greet ;
 But there they stand in the garb of life,
 Who heed not its pleasures, and fear not its
 strife.

Friend of my childhood ! my comrade in war,
 Thy brow is seam'd with a glorious scar ;
 The moon shines cold on thy mailed breast,
 As I laid thy warrior limbs to rest,
 When the last glance of thy closing eye,
 Had seen our banners triumphant fly.

With braided hair and unwrinkled brow,
 Sweet mother, thy form is before me now ;
 Awhile must the grave its tenant lose,
 But thou bear'st on thy cheek its pallid hues.

Cold on thy breast lies the winding-sheet,
 And the turf and the stone are above thy feet ;
 Thy spirit watches thy wayward child,
 Like dew in its influence, soft and mild.

Now for the vision my soul loves best !
 With its flashing jewels and broidered vest :
 Fancy around it a halo flings,
 An angel, but wanting an angel's wings !
 She comes, the maiden whose glowing eye,
 Was the brightest star in our festal sky ;
 Her voice had the tone of a dulcimer,
 Music and beauty were wedded in her :
 Her brow is wreath'd with the ivy green,
 And the dark curls shining out between ;
 Ring upon ring, like the tendrils that twine,
 From the early shoots of the bursting vine.
 Dim grows the vision—it fades away,
 Like the crimson hues on the cloudlets grey ;
 When birds are chanting their latest hymn,
 And the distant lines of the hill grow dim.
 I wake from my dream, I may slumber no more,
 For the joy of my sleep with her image is o'er.

AN OCTOBER SONG.

“ Ho, sportsman, up ! ’tis time to arise,
Tho’ the sun hang low in the Autumn skies :
Ho, sportsman, up, ’tis time to awake,
Tho’ the dew be heavy o’er moor and brake ;
Short and sweet must their light slumbers be,
Who would follow the wild game earnestlie.

See where the sportsman comes forth at length,
Rejoicing in manhood, and health, and strength ;
His well-tried gun o’er his shoulder flung,
His shot-belt and powder-flask duly slung ;
The morning breezes that fan his cheek,
Colour its brown with ruddier streak.
While ardour gives to his eager eye,
E’en more than its wonted brilliancy.

" Ho, Fan ! Ho, Ned ! " : at the well-known sound,
 Away from the kennel the true dogs bound ;
 The keen of scent and the swift of speed,
 They were come, I trow, of a matchless breed :
 They greet their master with joyous spring,
 Then galop away in a rapid ring—
 Pause, and fall back to the sportsman's rear,
 As his whistle rings on each practis'd ear.

Over the furrows the hare was flying,
 Motionless now on the stubble she's lying ;
 Stiff the fleet limbs that had fled so fast,
 From her timid heart is the death throb past.

" The dogs are standing, be still, boy, still,
 Till I climb the summit of yonder hill ;"
 Onward he hastes, and his gun rings loud,
 As the covey rise in a whirring cloud ;
 Fear lends them speed, as away they go,
 O'er the stubble field, and the tall hedge-row.
 'They are wild, I trow, and fly like wind,
 But two of their company stay behind ;
 See where they lie, on yon grassy spot,
 Kill'd right and left—'twas a beautiful shot.

See from the cover the pheasant spring,
 The gun is rais'd, and each glossy wing,
 Spins for an instant in mazy round—
 Then drops like a stone on the broken ground.
 He fell in the brake and the grassy soil,
 'To seek him the sportsman well may foil ;
 "Ned"—and the dog that so quietly stood,
 Backing his fellow in solemn mood,
 Darts like a shot to the tangled wood—
 Stern in the air, and nose to the ground,
 Stealing on till the missing bird is found—
 Till his jaws those fluttering wings receive,
 And the prey that was well-nigh lost retrieve.
 Careful he bears to his master the prize,
 While not one gay feather disorder'd lies.

Strong was the frame of the youthful squire,
 But when noontide rose he began to tire ;
 So he flings him down beneath the shade,
 While beside him his faithful dogs are laid ;
 The spoils of the morning stretch'd at his feet,
 He has toil'd all day, and repose is sweet ;
 He quaffs from the leather flask at his side,
 Wine ne'er tasted sweeter in hall of pride.

From that rude cup he drinks to her,
 Who waits till the day be over ;
 Then flies, with happy haste to greet
 Her home returning lover.

His bag is full, and his bosom light,
A happy man will he be to-night;
When beside the fire, and honey'd sleep,
In spite of himself, o'er his eyes will creep—
He pulls the trigger, in dreams, once more,
Killing the game that was kill'd before.

THE SKY LARK.

IMITATED FROM HÄRDER.

Scaler of Heaven, I hail thee with greeting,
Herald of morning there's joy in thy flight ;
Apollo's gay minstrel, thy light heart is beating
Higher, as nearer approaching the light.

The red of the morning shall tap'stry thy wall,
The world like a carpet beneath thee be spread ;
What monarch of earth, clad in purple and pall,
Can boast of a blue dome, like that o'er thine head.

The heart of the herdsman thy music rejoices,
He blesses the bird of untiring wing ;
The first of God's songsters, whose melody rises,
Before other warblers have ventur'd to sing.

Wake all true hearts ! raise the voice of thanksgiving,
 To the bringer of good, and bestower of light ;
 One general chorus of everything living
 Should rise as day springs from the charnel of night.

See how the creation, the bride of the sun,
 Comes quicken'd and lovely from quiet repose ;
 A flowery robe in the night hath been spun,
 Deck'd with the primrose, the cowslip, the rose.

Out of their sleep the young songsters awaken,
 They peep from the shelter of each warm nest ;
 The tender green leaves with new life are shaken,
 And every thing flings off the veil of rest.

For thou sittest still by the portals of morning,
 To wait till the great ruddy bars unclose ;
 Then away to welcome the burst of dawning,
 And open the leaves of the half-shut rose.

Thy sojourn is short on the dull cold earth,
 For thy viewless palace is built on high ;
 And the tones of thy music, clear and sweet,
 Are pour'd from the vault of the open sky.

Oh fain would I follow the path of thy flight,
 Leaving the world and its sorrows behind ;
 Bidding to pain and to care good night,
 Flinging lightly uncertain hope to the wind.

E'en lone Philomel never equall'd thee,
For her sweetest song breathes nought but sadness ;
While thine own, all the joy of a happy heart,
Pours forth in one stream of untroubled gladness.

MEMORY.

Rise from the land in whose roomy breast,
All shadows of beauty and glory rest ;
Where melody's vanished echoes are,
Where dwelleth in darkness each fallen star.
Thine are sweet tones and the voice of mirth,
But not like the music and joy of earth :
Thy echoes breathe but a dying sound.
And sadness with pleasure is strangely bound ;
But a ling'ring charm is in every tone
Of thine, O, thou backward looking one !
I see thee bend o'er the mighty tomb,
Where ages are sleeping in solemn gloom :
Watcher unwearied that may not sleep,
But loveth a vigil for aye to keep.

Clasp'd in thy hand is a flick'ring lamp,
 'Tis often dimm'd by the vapourish damp ;
 Then gleameth brightly, as tho' its ray,
 Were the blazing eye of the orb of day ;
 Lighting the charnel earth beneath,
 Strewn thick with white bones, and the signs of death,
 Thine ample vesture is dark and deep,
 Like the mourning garments of them that weep ;
 Unfading amaranth's flowers fair,
 Are wreath'd in the locks of thy dusky hair,
 Whose raven tresses neglected flow,
 Till they fall on the marble cold below.
 Fame was thy sister ; the world hath rung
 To the stirring notes of her trumpet tongue ;
 She spread her wings in the midst of gloom,
 Ere she rose full fledg'd from the solemn tomb ;
 But mindless thou of her sunward flight
 Art couching still in the chambers of night.
 Rise, and go forth, for a gift is thine,
 To stir the heart with a power divine.
 Rise ! for thine own is a holier dower,
 Than the gift of Fame in her proudest hour ;
 Queen of the heart on thy shadowy wing
 Lies the burden of guilt and suffering :
 Shadows of all things cherish'd and fair,
 Youth's early love, and our childhood's prayer.
 One sits in a dungeon cell alone ;

His fetters clank as they fall on the stone—
 Faintly a lamp on his knit-brow shines,
 Where vice is deep written with iron lines.
 How different fell the taper's ray
 On the child at its mother's feet that lay ;
 It lit up a young and happy face,
 And a perfect form in its infant grace—
 Now the stamp of guilt is deep impressed
 On that ghastly visage—that hopeless breast.
 What crosses the murderer's fancy now ?
 How his clench'd hand smiteth his harden'd brow ;
 Large tears roll down from his heavy eye,
 He heareth the voices of memory :
 He kneels at his mother's side again,
 And his tongue is lisping the holy strain ;
 He sees the home of his boyhood rise,
 The spire is tow'ring 'gainst the skies ;
 The bells for the Sabbath ring sweet and clear,
 The voice of the preacher sounds on his ear :
 He sees the tears his mother wept,
 When her tender precepts were all unkept—
 The very flowers above her grave,
 In the breeze of the summer seem to wave :
 Anger and hate he had sternly borne,
 The frown of virtue—the laughter of scorn :
 But he hears the voice of memory,
 And the warm tear gleams in his burning eye.

His hands are clasp'd and his knee is bent,
As, when happy, and young, and innocent ;
And the simple prayer he prays once more,
That his mother had taught him long before :
He turns to his God with humble eye,
Brought nearer to Heaven by memory.

THE INQUEST.

“ Heard ye that mournful, that solemn toll,
Rung for the knell of a parting soul ;
Dying away on the heavy air,
A mingled murmur of grief and prayer. ?
Lo now hath some aged head gone down ;
Hoary with wisdom’s silver crown,
And earth hath shut her gates on him,
To whom her joys have long been dim ;
Pain’s iron grasp is loosen’d now,
Peace dwells upon the throbless brow :
Ah, why my friend that mournful eye,
Is age not ever prone to die ?
Or hath death’s fatal arm laid low,
Some bud before its leaves could blow ?
Some soul hath enter’d into rest,
Still lying on its mother’s breast :
Some heart that never knew despair,
Hath made eternal truce with care.

A tender mother's tears may flow,
 A father's heart may heave with woe,
 But let this comfort still be given,
 Their child's a denizen of Heaven."

" Not so, my friend, that bell's dull toll,
 Brings grief to every kindly soul ;
 It speaks not of the aged head,
 O'er which the gathering night hath spread ;
 It breathes not of the babe's repose,
 A harbour reach'd from threaten'd woes ;
 Ah, no, a sadder darker tale,
 Is borne upon the summer gale ;
 A dirge for him who past away,
 Whose sun went down at early day."

" Died he while weeping friends stood round,
 Soothing the bosom's holy wound ;
 With gazing on the failing eye,
 Watching the cheek's last roses die ?
 Say, did those pallid temples rest,
 Pillow'd upon some faithful breast ;
 While holy words of comfort fell,
 And check'd each sob's convulsive swell ?
 Thus, Strephon, at thy latest hour,
 Love's dew shall weep the fading flower,
 Why look you, then, so sadly still—
 Is pious death so great an ill ?"

“ Not peaceful death, but thus to die,
 Demands a tear from every eye ;
 ’Tis claimed by pity, wrung from shame,
 That mourns the blight on England’s name ;
 Whose patriot sons, a valorous host,
 Left other lands, the assassin’s boast.
 I tell thee, youth, he did not die
 While weeping friends stood mournful by !
 No ling’ring sickness bow’d the head,
 Nor o’er the cheek its paleness spread ;
 By murder’s gory hand he fell,
 Life, driven from its citadel,
 Paus’d quivering at the gates of death—
 As if the heavy failing breath
 Were doubting, at which gaping wound,
 Its last dread exit might be found.
 We know not by what hand he fell,
 But there is one who knoweth well ;
 And when those iron murderers stand,
 All trembling before God’s high hand—
 That pale and gory form shall rise
 In terror to their clouded eyes :
 The gnawing worm shall have his home,
 In each fierce breast’s unholy dome.”

DEJECTION.

Darkness is falling round me,
And I am all alone ;
Upon mine ear the midnight bell
Sinks with a heavy tone.

Dim burns the lamp that falleth
On this white hollow cheek,
It sheds on yonder mirror,
A dim and ghostly streak.

I gaze upon the ruins
Despair hath left behind ;
Of what I was, e'en memory
Can scarce a vestige find.

I look within, my mournful heart
 Hath known still more of change ;
 Where sunshine was, are heavy clouds,
 Familiar hopes grown strange.

The world is still as beautiful,
 As when in youth's gay hours
 I wander'd thro' the budding woods,
 And gather'd early flowers.

Oh then I marvell'd to behold
 The glorious works of God ;
 Rejoicing in the breath I drew,
 I danc'd along the sod.

And when the howling wind at night
 Broke on my sweet repose ;
 The houseless wand'rer came to mind,
 Who had no home or clothes.

I pray'd for him, then turn'd again,
 Lull'd in the arms of sleep ;
 And slumber'd all the long night through,
 And never woke to weep :

But now my restless heart is stirr'd
 With visions of the past ;
 And when no prying eye can gaze,
 My tears are flowing fast.

The dreary wind is but a dirge,
 Moaning for pleasures gone ;
 The hollow voices of the dead,
 Are mingling with its tone.

All the long day I sit and work,
 With a sad patient face ;
 Or wander 'neath the hedgerow's green,
 In some warm shelter'd place.

And as they pass me people gaze,
 With pitying looks and long ;
 The ploughman pauses in his work,
 The labourer in his song.

I met an old man yesterday,
 His locks were white as snow ;
 I never yet saw one so old,
 With such a placid brow.

He sate beneath the hawthorn shade,
 A large book on his knee ;
 He clos'd it as I drew more near,
 And rose to welcome me.

I sate beside him in the shade,
 The while he gently spoke
 Of him who in a world of pain,
 Bore sin's unmeasur'd yoke,

I'll seek that old man once again,
Oh ! if the sun would rise ;
How late the early birds begin
To chaunt their melodies.

ELEGY.

“LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS
AND LET MY LAST END BE LIKE HIS.”

A solemn grief is felt within a mighty nation's
breast,
When a tried and faithful soldier goes to his
latest rest ;
Honour and woe are twining the laurel's
changeless wreath,
Above the tomb where warriors bold lie cold
and still beneath.
But o'er this grave a thousand hearts shall
pour the tide of woe,
A champion brave, a patriot staunch, a good
man sleeps below.
A hero with God's armour on, the armour of
the word,
'Twas his to wield with giant strength, the
mighty spirit sword.

'Twas his, when foes stood menacing, to lift
 the fearless voice,
 That bade our tender mother smile, our holy
 Church rejoice ;
 So now she folds him in her arms, he slum-
 bers on her breast,
 With those, her tried ones, who repose in
 everlasting rest.
 " The noble army," who for her have barter'd
 life and gain,
 Shall share with him the palmy crown—the
 garment free from stain.
 Now fades a bright and princely star, from
 freedom's diadem,
 And Ebor's wreath of patriots hath lost its
 clearest gem ;
 E'en faction cannot frown on him, but mutely
 turns away—
 She dare not breathe one sland'rous word
 above that holy clay.
 And down shall hate and jealousy, with all
 their poison lie,
 Beside the grave of him who was their noblest
 enemy ;
 But love, fond love ! how vain thy task, th^e
 deepest mourner thou,
 Tho' tears be in thy tender eyes, let hope be
 on thy brow.

Mourn not the lip that sagely spoke, for ever
hush'd on earth,
But hear it in the holy Heavens, to higher
strains give birth.
Stand there beside the faithful dead, and read
this lesson high ;
So should a Christian patriot live—a Christian
hero die.

PEGASUS AND THE POET.

RETSCH'S OUTLINES.

With drooping head the poet sate,
Where flowers the pathway shaded ;
His tuneful lute awhile was mute,
The buds that bound it faded.

The world had turn'd in quiet scorn
From the music of his numbers ;
The sluggish rest of each earth-bound breast,
Awoke not from its slumbers.

'Tis a grievous thing for the soul to turn
From each bright but unreal vision ;
And see the eye where tears should lie,
Smiling in cold derision,

He kneeleth at his ladye's feet,
 Where was the ear that listen'd
 To his witching strain, till the hearts warm
 rain,
 On her soft eyelid glisten'd.

She turns away her lofty head,
 The smile from her lip hath vanish'd ;
 And he must part, with broken heart,
 From love and hope the banish'd.

And he must sell, for the gold of earth,
 The barb that could never tire ;
 On whose free wing he could proudly sing,
 High deeds and words of fire.

How shall he part with the flying steed
 That hath borne him up the mountain ;
 Where mid sweet flowers the sparkling showers
 Pour from the Heavenly fountain.

Whence came that winged courser fair,
 Of strength and courage high ?
 No mead of earth e're gave it birth,
 'Twas nurtur'd in the sky.

Farewell, bright steed of the snowy wing,
 No more may we fly together
 Through the land of air, with its cloud halls
 fair,
 And its clear unchanging weather.

Hans Wieser fills the poet's hand,
 With the gold that he so much needs ;
 But his dooping eye, where the bright tears
 lie,
 Tells how his bosom bleeds.

The steed hath turn'd with an eager gaze,
 But his master in haste hath parted ;
 For he was proud, and a peasant crowd,
 Should not see him broken hearted.

As past the guiding hand and voice,
 That alone could tame his fire ;
 Up from the ground with sudden bound,
 That courser sprung in ire.

But vain the effort, each strong wing,
 'Neath cruel cords is bending ;
 He tosses his mane all wild with pain,
 His mad hoof the green sward rending,

Woe for thee, noble Pegasus,
Rude peasant hands are guiding ;
The gen'rous soul that spurn'd controul,
And laughed at unholy chiding.

BEAUTY.

HERDER.

I walk thro' the world in a vesture of light.
The passions bow down to acknowledge my might—
They serve me by night, and they serve me by day,
And they live in the light of my godgiven ray.
They smile as they worship, tho' wounded, and weak
Tho' haunted by danger, my bower they seek :
For they know that the author and cause of their ill,
Hath med'cine to heal, and hath power to kill.
I smile on my victims, and fondly they gaze,
Their hearts full of love, and their lips full of praise.
Wherever I go, pomp and pleasure await,
Like servants of princes, the guards of their state,
Bright gems and sweet odours are flung at my feet,
And music and flowers my coming must greet.

I smile upon all, though I sigh not for one,
And they dance in my presence, like motes in the sun.
But winter approaches, and beauty is frail,
She hath her chill seasons, her snow, and her hail :
When age comes upon me, and sorrow and care
Render dark what was bright, and destroy what was fair ;
Like jewels of gold shall my virtues be seen,
And the charms of my temper shall bloom ever green—
The light of my love shed a gladness around ;
When youth's first dawning glory no longer is found
I will be to the heart what I was to the eye,
And the smile be my own, though I forfeit the sigh.

BALLAD.

See there, see there ! how royally,
Our purple banner floats ;
As if each wave of its swelling folds,
Kept time to the trumpet's notes.

My charger's feet tread eagerly,
He hears the battle's sound ;
Lose but an inch of the tighten'd rein,
And over the plain he'll bound.

A moment more stand quietly,
My eager Chatsz be still ;
Let but our foremost riders gain,
The summit of yon hill.

And then for death or victory,
 We battle mid the ranks ;
 The foe shall fall in gory heaps,
 Around my charger's flanks,

A moment more, be still my barb,
 I see the foremost plume ;
 I see the gleam of one bright spear,
 Break through night's heavy gloom.

Up, Lady, queen of the midnight sky,
 And light us to the prey ;
 Her fleecy robe she flings aside,
 And shines with double ray.

She silvereth the mountain top,
 Where our bold brothers ride ;
 And brightly fall her mellow gleams,
 Our broken path to guide.

Away, my steed, away, away,
 Now is the moment here ;
 This valley must our triumph see,
 Or serve us for a bier.

The reins are on the charger's neck,
 He starts with sudden bound ;
 And swifter than the eagle flies,
 He skims along the ground.

There was one stood on a lofty steep,
 That hung above the vale ;
 He heard the sounds of war and woe
 Come floating on the gale.

The tents of France lay hush'd and calm
 Beneath the silver light ;
 And many a tired head lay there
 That slept its last that night.

A sound was heard ! at first he deem'd
 'Twas but the rushing gale ;
 But soon, more near, the tramp of steeds
 Rang through the leafy vale.

Still silent lay the foeman's camp,
 As danger were not nigh ;
 For weariness had cast a veil
 Of sleep on every eye.

But as those flying steeds came on,
 They sprung from their fatal rest ;
 Each soldier grasp'd his loosen'd sword,
 And strove to nerve his breast.

Then indistinctly came the sounds
 From the far echoing valley ;
 The cry of pain, and the elash of steel,
 And the rush of impetuous sally.

The musket ceased its heavy roll,
For short was the strife, though red ;
And the rising sun of the morning show'd
The foe were slain or fled.

The Austrians feasted in their tents,
And quaff'd their sparkling wine ;
For well they knew that gladdening stream,
Flowed from the German vine.

A MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

Away, away, to the northern hills,
Where the sun is shining clear ;
Say, doth he tread their rugged steeps,
To hunt the dappled deer.
He'll never wind the cheering horn, with
thrilling blast again,
Till the eagle trembles in her nest, to hear the
ringing strain.

Look now, towards the western sea,
Where the tall ships blithely sail ;
Oh ! can ye see his pennon float,
Before the changing gale.
He'll never raise his gallant arm, to dip the
plashing oar,
Or float within his gliding bark, upon the
waters more.

There's pleasure in the laughing south,
And song on the balmy air ;
They tread the grape with jocund hearts,
Alas, he is not there.

He'll never be the first again to lead the
whirling dance,
He'll never tread the bursting grape, that
grows in merry France.

Now look towards the gloomy east,
Where churchyard shadows lie
Above the quiet rest of those,
For whom the living sigh :
There lieth, cold and pale, in the bosom of the
grave.
The true heart of the lover, the strong arm of
the brave.

O DOLCE DORMIRE.

A QUEL CHE SOSPIRE.

Alas, my son, thy cheek is pale,
Dim is thy mournful eye :
I see the shadows closing round,
The lov'd the last must die.

Oh strong and noble was my son,
But thou art worn and weak,
And haughty was his voice and eye,
But thine are soft and meek.

Like the strong oak the blast hath rent,
I see thee earthward fall ;
While I the feeble willow bend,
And live to suffer all.

Oh, Mother, look not on my face,
 With such a mournful eye ;
 Methinks you should not weep again,
 Since you have seen her die.

My heart is with that fair-hair'd girl,
 All lone and lowly sleeping :
 Above her rest my changeless soul,
 A mournful watch is keeping.

I feel death's icy touch, Mother,
 And I could well rejoice ;
 But for the sorrow in thine eyes,
 The anguish in thy voice.

We leave you hope, sweet hope, Mother,
 A gift in mercy sent,
 By him who tempers cutting winds,
 No bruised reed is bent.

Then let no grief disturb our rest,
 No useless tears be given ;
 But higher, higher look, Mother,
 Yea, even up to Heaven.

THE LAST SONG.

She listen'd, and a low faint sigh,
 Broke from her gentle breast ;
Where sorrow's ever rolling waves,
 Would soon be lull'd to rest.

Then wildly on the startled ear,
 Rose one long bitter cry ;
As of a tender spirit wrung,
 With utter agony.

“ Now pity on thy soul sweet dame,
 Why rose that sudden cry ;
I thought to cheer thee and awoke
 An ancient melody.”

“ My warrior sung that song to me,
And he hath pass'd away ;
I, too, shall rest, I tell thee, bard,
That I shall die to day.

“ I could not sleep, till once again
My longing ear had heard,
The song that ever was to me,
Like voice of woodland bird.

“ Dark grows mine eye, but on mine ear
Still floats the glorious swell ;
Of yonder blessed harmony,
I die, farewell, farewell.”

SONG.

ECCELLENTE CHE GIRATE,
ALLA MIA MIA ROSA ;
LA MIA ROSA, AHI GUARDATE,
BELLA BELLA SE NON E.

Gay Gallant that still wilt hover
Round about my favourite rose ;
Listen to a slighted lover,
Shun the flower that brightest blows.

Trust not thou, a woman's blushes,
Tho' her eye with tears be wet ;
While the warm blood softly flushes,
She's in heart a false coquette.

Thou may'st live beneath the splendour
Of a glance that once was mine ;
Bask beneath its beaming tender,
Drink, tho' poison drug the wine.

Quaff, the cup shall soon be taken
From those longing lips of thine ;
Thoughtless dreamer, thou shalt waken
To a bitterness like mine.

FAREWELL.

Thou treadest with a fearless heart,
The threshold of the world ;
A gallant bark that leaves the port,
With all her sails unfurl'd.

Thou leavest love and peace behind,
But hope is with thee still ;
And courage in thy fearless eye,
To conquer every ill.

Thou wilt return again, belov'd,
To this our forest home ;
I fear me, with an alter'd heart,
To change is oft to roam.

I do not doubt thy faithful love,
'Tis constant as my own ;
A lute may keep its silver strings,
Yet give an alter'd tone.

Farewell, farewell, my fondest prayers,
Are thine thro' every ill ;
And oh ! when weary of the world,
Return and love me still.

PEACE.

Tell me, thou angel-eyed, where is thy dwelling,
Olive-crown'd daughter of wisdom and mercy ;
Fain would I rest on thy passionless bosom,
Mindless of sorrow.

Say, doth thy palace rise, in some dark forest,
Where the stern hand of a tyrant ne'er enter'd ;
Where the still waters uncrimson'd by slaughter
Sing as they flow on.

Or dost thou dwell by that motionless river,
Lauded by poets, and sung in old story,
Where memory sleeps, whence oblivion rises
Mantled in darkness.

Let me sit by thee and hear the waves sounding,
Soft as the murmur of spring's gentlest zephyr,
When he comes wooing the lady of flowers,
 Blushing and moss-crown'd.

Or if thou seekest some harbour to rest in,
Come and be queen of this world-troubled
 bosom ;
Yielding their sceptre shall bow down before
 thee,
 Pleasure and passion.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN NAPIER
AT CORUNNA.

On the sands of Corunna a soldier lay,
(Life from his veins was fast ebbing away ;)
With a fearful wound in his gallant breast,
And the seal of death on his brow impress'd.
His sword had been foremost, his voice had led,
Where danger was busy, and blood flow'd red :
Now the damp dews lay on his forehead fair,
But his lip was moving in silent prayer.
You might well have told by the upturn'd eye,
With its glance too bright and too bold to die :
By the useless effort to clasp each hand,
That powerless lay on the gory sand ;
By the earnest lips scarce utterd sigéh,
That the warrior pray'd for victory.

The pains of the body were nought to him,
 Or the lamp of life that was growing dim ;
 But darkly the clouds of dishonour roll,
 And the iron enter'd his gallant soul.
 He could have rejoic'd if his blood had flow'd,
 On the field, where his conq'ring brothers rode ;
 But 'twas hard to fall on a hostile plain,
 And feel that his life had been given in vain.
 And the God of all battles heard his prayer,
 As he lay in his warm blood dying there ;
 For weak grew the foe, and their faint ranks fled,
 The plain where their bravest and best lay dead.
 Then the Hero's gallant friends stood round,
 As they rais'd him up from the stainéd ground ;
 One word in his ear they have whisper'd low,
 And his eye grew bright with its latest glow.
 A red flush pass'd over his forehead cold,
 And he grasp'd his sword with a firmer hold ;
 Then each limb grew stiff, and the hand like stone,
 That a brother claspéd within his own :
 But a joyous smile on the dead lips hung,
 As the warrior's spirit heavenward sprung ;
 Like a new fledg'd eagle that mounts on high,
 Thro' the azure vault of the boundless sky.

VIVA IL CAPITANO.

Like a lover of danger, he rides on the foe,
Heaven rings to his shouting, earth echoes his blow ;
There is blood flowing round him, and danger and death,
Still his cheek keeps its crimson, unquicken'd his breath.
There, where blows fall the thickest, his own will he
pour'd,

Just as cool and as keen as the edge of his sword.
See, the soul of the master his charger must fill,
As ungoaded by spurring he galops on still ;
They go where no other hath ventur'd to ride,
And as bold they charge onward, the ranks open wide :
You may see the white steed, and the rider's tall plume,
In the midst of the battle, the smoke, and the gloom.
Yet what can be dreadful in features so fair,
Eyes like heaven's blue forehead, and light flowing hair

On lips where moustachios have scarcely yet grown,
 On that brow where a furrow hath never been known,
 Yet but seldom at banquet did reveller gay,
 Such careless rejoicing and gladness display :
 Oh ! who loves not to follow a leader like him,
 Tho' high mounts he must cross, or fierce torrents must
 swim.

As the deers antler'd monarch, when danger is nigh,
 To the rest of the herd gives the signal to fly ;
 And the doe and the buck at his heels hurry fast,
 While all haste to be foremost, and none would be last.
 So we follow our leader wherever he goes,
 We echo his shouting, we second his blows ;
 Tho' our arms may be weary—our blood flowing fast,
 Yet all would be foremost, and none would be last.

THE CRIPPLED SOLDIER.

Children listen to the tale,
Of a soldier's battles done ;
Seven years are almost past,
Since this home of rest was won.

I was sad and I was weary,
When your goodness bade me live ;
Now receive a fervent blessing—
All these aged lips can give.

You have just seen gallant soldiers,
Marching in their proud array ;
And each patriot lip hath blest them,
As they went upon their way.

But for me my heart was breaking,
 When I heard the trumpet's sound ;
 I alone felt sad and wretched,
 Of the many thronging round.

On this brow no plumèd helmet,
 Glitter'd in the morning light ;
 This weak hand unnerv'd and powerless,
 Held no stalwart sword of might.

Why so strong should be my spirit
 When my frame is worn and weak ;
 When the hot young blood hath faded,
 From this pale grief-furrow'd cheek ?

Must I pant, with ardent longing,
 For the fight I may not share ?
 Oh glorious had it been to fall,
 Where patriot swords were bare.

Where my brave, my noble master,
 Whom I should have died to save ;
 Was borne in early youth to sleep,
 In a soldier's nameless grave.

Freshly now to heart and eye,
 Comes our first battle field ;
 Fighting once more beside him,
 I see the proud foeman yield.

That snowy plume shall wave no more,
That sword ne'er gleam again ;
That good steed sleeps beneath the sod,
Beside him on the plain.

I bear a feather on my breast,
That graced his stately head ;
Place it upon my silent heart,
When I am with the dead.

THE TRIUMPHS OF DEATH.

My throne is deep in the yawning ground,
A crown of yew on my brow is bound ;
The young, the noble, the good, the fair,
All, all to my solemn courts repair.
My phantom steeds o'er the earth have swept,
Till hearts have broken and eyes have wept ;
And when my fatal shaft was driven,
Love sighing turned from earth to heaven.
I stand undaunted beside the throne,
'The laurel'd chieftain is all my own ;
For when he rideth amid his band,
Valour and death shall march hand in hand :
The voice of honour his name embalms,
But victory greets him in mine arms.

Maiden all vainly thou griev'st for him,
 Vainly the tears in thy dark eyes swim ;
 Weak were the swords of his gallant band,
 Against the might of my stalwart band :
 And shalt thou call back with gentle tone,
 Of all my victims the noblest one.

I am where the revellers' board is spread,
 I drug the cup where the vine hath bled ;
 I bid it roll through each swelling vein,
 I bid it mount to the burning brain—
 And my shrunken arms are open wide,
 To welcome the reeling suicide :
 I hold his body the meanest prey
 That ever these wan hands bear away :
 My slaves below in the mould'ring soil,
 Sickening turn from such loathèd spoil.

Sees't thou yon brow 'neath its shining hair,
 Mournfully lovely, and sweetly fair ?
 Lo even upon its marble lingers
 The cold impression of my fingers :
 Hark in each tender—each solemn tone,
 I read of a music all my own ;
 Mother, look not in her lucid eye,
 Is ought too good or too fair to die ?

Call her not back when the field is won,
Let her rest in peace, her task is done :
Say not that mine was the fatal dart,
Planted so deep in her broken heart.
No ! 'twas another mightier foe,
A craftier hand that aim'd the blow :
'Twas love, the victor, the lord of life,
He views, exulting, the finished strife ;
Leaves to my power the mournful spoil,
And flies to a nobler prouder toil.
It is mine the latest rose to sip,
From beauty's fair and fading lip:
'Tis mine to garner each broken flower,
For calmer skies—for a brighter hour.

SONG FOR EVENING.

DANTE.

At even when the sailor's heart,
Turns tenderly to home and love ;
When fades the light as fearing night,
And seeks its nest the dove.
At that sweet hour—that solemn hour,
I saw thee first, my bosom's flower.

The dews that weep the dying day,
Are falling soft on herb and leaf ;
From starry eyes, in clear blue skies,
Like tears that solace grief.
At that sweet hour, that dewy hour,
I saw thee first, my bosom's flower.

My heart is glad when morning comes,
Awakening earth and sky ;
But dearer far eve's faintest star,
First jewel hung on high.
For at that hour, that starry hour,
I saw thee first, my bosom's flower.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE
OLD VICARAGE.

Our cups are filled with foaming ale,
The yule log blazes high ;
It falls on many a rosy cheek,
On many a laughing eye.

Come gather in and crown the hour,
With jest, and song, and tale ;
About our walls with lulling sound,
Moans the cold winter gale.

We were a goodly circle once,
Around our christmas fire ;
Our comely mother looked around,
And smiled upon our sire.

They viewed us as a heritage,
 Presented by the Lord ;
 “ Blest is the man,” our father said,
 “ Whose quiver thus is stored.”

Our grandam, in her high-backed chair,
 Cheered by the ruddy blaze ;
 Careful the chosen taper watched,
 And marked its mystic rays.

And woe betide the urchin bold,
 Who dare that taper trim ;
 Wrath for such reckless sacrilege,
 Was sure to light on him.

A mighty cheese adorned the board,
 A cake, both broad and high,
 Was marshalled by a lordly bowl
 Of smoking frumenty.

The rural feast is set, but where
 Are they who gathered round ?
 They have gone east, they have gone west,
 Upon the stranger's ground.

Oh often doth a mother raise
 A fair and gracious flower ;
 Only to see its beauty go
 To deck a stranger's bower.

Sisters, my heart is with you still,
My soul turns back to home ;
But most when with the circling year,
Times of old gatherings come.

And there is one whose joys, whose griefs,
Have ever been my own ;
E'en now upon my quickened ear,
Falls that accustomed tone.

Oh if an erring prayer like mine,
Had power his life to bless ;
And shield him from the storms of grief,
His should be happiness !

God bless them all, where ere they go,
In sunshine or in storm ;
And knit each heart in holy bands,
Of deep affection warm.

As to Noah's ark, when seeking rest,
Returned the faithful dove ;
So we when storms of woe assail,
To this our home of love.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE
OF WALES, 1841.

The mother's heart must heave with joy,
When the pains of hell are past ;
And she layeth in her bosom
A living child at last.
But a loftier thought within her heart,
A deeper joy must bring ;
For when she clasps that tender babe,
She folds a future king.
She sees the crown upon his brow,
And the sceptre in his hand ;
She hears her silent little one
Breathe words of high command.
She thinks of his progenitors,
The noble and the brave ;
Of him who won the princely crest,
And found an early grave :

Yet so belov'd of English hearts,
 So wept of every eye ;
 His name so grac'd of victory,
 'Twas almost joy to die.
 Now Hark ! from each Cathedral tower,
 The merry bells ring out ;
 And with the cannon's deafening peal,
 Mingles a nation's shout.
 In loyal Caledonia,
 Round England's happy shore ;
 And all through fertile Inisfail,
 Shall the jocund tidings pour.
 But further, further o'er the deep,
 Proclaim the royal child ;
 'Neath golden India's burning suns,
 And in Columbia's wild.
 Wherever Britain's banner floats,
 On conquer'd land or sea ;
 They hail the bud of regal race,
 With sounding jubilee.
 The peasant by his cottage hearth,
 Shall gather his children round ;
 And bid them list the old church bell,
 That pours its loyal sound.
 And in the noble's princely hall
 Shall generous wine be pour'd ;
 That men may quaff, with jolly hearts,
 Health to their future lord.

But sweeter far than the deep-ton'd bell,
 Nobler than cannon's roar
 Through all this mighty realm of thine,
 The tide of song shall pour.
 Touch'd with new fire the poet's lip,
 Shall breathe its sweetest strain ;
 And the spirit that in darkness slept,
 Shall wake to life again.
 Alas ! amid that burst of lyres,
 One warbling voice we miss ;
 One voice whose proudest strain had flow'd,
 For such a theme as this.
 Alas, my tuneful cousin,
 I needs must weep and say ;
 Would heaven thou hadst liv'd till now,
 To breathe one happy lay—
 One song of triumph wildly sweet,
 Like precious incense shed ;
 The hearts own costly offering,
 Above that youthful head.
 She does not sleep where England's dead,
 In honored silence lie ;
 Beneath the churchyard's verdant sod,
 Hard by the sanctuary.
 Nor where beneath the sacred dome,
 Genius hath found a place ;
 With king, and sage, and conqueror,
 Her name belov'd we trace.

But where the wild wave leaps and foams,
 Around a barren shore,
She resteth peacefully at last,
 Life's weary sojourn o'er.
Like the last Pleiad sweetly sung,
 We miss her from our sky ;
Who sought that dreary ocean home,
 To suffer and to die.

THE WARRIOR'S CAREER.

His Lady brought his plumed helm,
His Mother bore his shield;
His Sisters buckled on the sword,
Which he might never yield.
Loudly peals the stirring trumpet,
Mellow music fills the horn;
Sounds like these the soldier's heart
Have on wings to battle borne.

“ Son, these fost'ring arms were round thee,
As I watch'd thine infant sleep ;
But I hear the call of honour—
Go ! thy Mother doth not weep.”
Louder sounds the stirring trumpet ;
Fuller, fuller, swells the horn ;
And a charger's eager neigh,
On the rushing blast is borne.

"Heavenly angels guard thee, dearest,
 I shall pray on bended knee ;
 That thou may's't return victorious,
 With the palm of victory."
 Louder, louder, sounds the trumpet,
 Fuller, fuller, swells the horn ;
 And their cherish'd chieftain's name,
 On the rushing blast is borne.

"Farewell playmate of my childhood,
 Glory of my riper years ;
 Honor's crown is cheaply bought,
 At the price of woman's tears."
 What a burst of martial music !
 Greets the hero from his band ;
 Manly voices shout in chorus,
 Till it fills the great sea strand.

'Tis night, and low the victor lies
 In cold and dreamless sleep :
 Silent rests he unawaken'd,
 By the voice of them that weep.
 Wildly, wildly, wails the trumpet,
 As they hymn his deeds of night ;
 And the rolling drum doth fall
 Heavy on the ear of night.

Yet amid that funeral train,
Many a heart with pride beats high ;
Gazing on that pallid brow,
For he died mid victory.
Proudly, proudly, sounds the trumpet,
As they hymn his deeds of might ;
And the rolling drum doth fall
Heavy on the ear of night.

THE FRENCH INVASION
AND THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

Go prate of England's danger,
In trembling women's ears ;
But never let a brave man know
Your base degen'rate fears.

Let Bright, and wordy Cobden,
The white flag in their hands,
Go forth to meet the Emperor,
And greet him as he lands.

Let Joinville tell his poison'd tales,
Of England's battered fleet ;
And say she only waits the time,
To bend at France's feet.

France that hath brought such heroes forth,
 As Orleans' craven race ;
 For which of Louis Philippe's sons,
 Dar'd danger's iron face ?

The land that nurtur'd Joinville,
 Who to his native shore,
 The bones of D'Enghien's murderer,
 In shameful triumph bore.

Well such an one doth it become,
 To strike the generous breast ;
 Within whose ample sanctuary,
 His father's woes found rest.

What, though no wakeful guards surround
 The sleeping monarch's lair ;
 He would arise, and shake himself,
 Should any venture there.

With glaring eye and mane uprisen,
 Methinks I see him stand !
 Shake off his idle lethargy,
 And thunder through the land.

Then say not thou if France should come,
 She'd find an easy prey ;
 'Tho' not one single heart of oak,
 'Twixt her and Dover lay.

In such a time (if such an hour
In England e'er be seen ;)
Our Island Rose—Victoria,
Would bear her like a Queen.

And you and I in that great war,
Would rise to take a part ;
Each drop of blood that warms us flows
From England's giant heart.

Translations.

ON THE RETURN OF THE ALLIED ARMY FROM THE ELBE.

KÖRNER.

Every forehead is bent with care,
Glitters each eye with a ghastly stare ;
 A chill o'er valor's heart is creeping,
For the howling wind, and the tempest dire
Have shaken our native land in ire,
 And we may not stay our weeping.

War hath burst forth with a redder glow,
Vain the proud blood we saw freely flow ;
 Untam'd is the tyrant's power,
But the planet of slav'ry, whose terrible light,
Still unquench'd by the anger of heaven burns
 bright,
 Shall rule our fair land but an hour.

Knit together in one strong band,
 With bolder heart, and with firmer hand,
 We'll steer the ship that was sinking,
 Till she ride in the harbour with flowing sail,
 Unscathed by the wind, and unbent by the
 gale,
 Glory from danger drinking.

Ho ! sleeping patriots waken now !
 Wake for one last one desperate blow :
 Mount our deck in countless numbers,
 Till the tyrant be stayed in his rapid course,
 Up in the might of awaken'd force,
 From the couch of your heavy slumbers,

Soldiers that calmly are gazing here,
 In the eyes of death, without dread or fear—
 From danger never flying,
 Shall lift from the dust their Father-land,
 Or bravely die with their sword in their hand,
 And slavery curse in dying.

Life is worth nothing when freedom's fled,
 Soulless and dark as a creature dead,
 When her lamp no more is guiding :
 So we will be free, by the death of the foe,
 Or free to our happy Fathers go—
 Yea, free is their place of abiding.

The storm of battle may roll around,
The horse's hoof, and the mad'ning sound
Of war's wild trumpet pealing ;
But tho' the firm earth from our feet may sink,
True hearts like ours can never shrink,
Our oath with our warm blood sealing.

TANCRED AND CLORINDA.

TASSO.

'Tis said that when the dying day
Smil'd on the Christian's arm'd array,
When Persia's thousands fell or fled
Before the holy cross of red,
That Tancred, wearied with the fray,
Lur'd by a sparkling streamlet's play.
Paus'd where its living waters burst,
To bathe his brow and quench his thirst.
Along the brink sweet flowers grew,
And overhead the wild doves coo.
He paus'd, for 'neath the branching shade,
He deem'd he saw some heavenly maid ;
What dame of earth had e're such hue,
Such golden hair and eye of blue.

No silken robe, no broider'd vest,
 But steel was bound upon her breast ;
 The bright blade hanging at her side,
 In red blood had been newly died :
 The helmet on the turf that lay,
 Had borne the brunt of many a fray,
 The god of battles might have sent
 Such messenger with kind intent—
 But not the Christian's help to yield,
 The crescent blazes on her shield ;
 And often had her scimitar,
 Mid turban'd warriors gleam'd afar.
 And Tancred gaz'd, till o'er his soul
 He felt the tide of passion roll—
 And love that had been born so late,
 Sprung up, full fledg'd and strong, the
 conqueror of fate.
 Startled, up spring's the warrior maid,
 Her hand is on her reeking blade ;
 The helmet crowns her angry brow,
 She's ready to do battle now.
 But other Christian knights are near,
 And she must fly who cannot fear ;
 But on the chief, before she past,
 One brief defiant glance she cast :
 As who would say on hostile plain,
 We meet on equal terms again.

And from that hour Tancred's heart,
In joy or sorrow, took no part ;
He dreamt all night, he thought all day,
Of that bright form in steel array.
The wine untasted past him by,
In blithest hours they mark'd his sigh :
When to his restless couch they came,
They heard him breathe Clorinda's name.
And well his Roman soldiers read
His history in that drooping head ;
Careless of ought that fame might yield,
Reckless of danger in the field :
From those his happier days had known,
He shrunk, and in the camp he seem'd to live
alone.

LÜTZOW'S WILD HUNT.

KÖRNER.

What gleams thro' the wood in the broad
sunshine,

While nearer and nearer drawing,
The dark plumes wave as they form in line,
The pealing horn and the clarion join—

The started listener awing ?
Ask yon black rider, the first on the foe,
“ Tis Lützow's wild band that a hunting go.

Who haste from the wood to the morning light
And from hill to hill seem flying ;
It spreads behind them a world of night,
Mid the wild hurrah and the roar of fight,
The squadrons of France are dying.
Ask yon black rider, the first on the foe,
“ Tis Lützow's wild band that a hunting go.

Where the vine blooms fair, by the rolling
Rhine,

The tyrant seeks to hide him ;
But I see on the brink their good swords shine,
They plunge in the waters, that armèd line,
And on the shore abide him.

Ask yon black swimmer that stems the tide,
“ ’Tis Lützow’s wild band that so fearless ride,

What sounds are those of a desperate fight,
There are swords together clashing ;
Bold hearted warriors strive for the right,
The banner of freedom waves to the light :
And the red flames of battle are flashing.
Ask yon black rider, the first on the foe,
“ ’Tis Lützow’s wild band that a hunting go.

Who bids life farewell on that fatal spot,
To whom is the sunlight dying ;
From his gaping wounds the blood flows hot,
But his gallant bosom quaieth not,
For he sees the foeman flying.
Ask of the dark plum’d fallen now,
“ ’Twas the daring hunt of the bold Lützow.

The chase of those warriors bold is o'er,
But so are the tyrant's powers ;
Then ye who love us lament no more,
For freedom dawns and the night is o'er,
And the victory was ours !
And from land to land a voice shall go,
'Twas the daring hunt of the bold Lützow.

THE SWORD SONG

WRITTEN BY KÖRNER, A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS
DEATH.

“Thou sword beside me gleaming,
What means thy brighter beaming?
Thy looks so friendly shine,
They warm this heart of mine.
Hurrah”!

“A stalwart rider bears me,
A German patriot wears me;
A free man is my lord,
And that makes glad the sword.
Hurrah”!

“Yea, with free hand I grasp thee
Far happier thus to clasp thee;
Than folding in mine arms,
A bride in all her charms.
Hurrah”!

“ I’ve yielded without measure,
 My love’s bright iron treasure ;
 Oh that the knot were tied !
 When wilt thou claim thy bride.

Hurrah” !

“ Mid festal trumpets warning,
 Red breaks the bridal morning ;
 When to the charge we move,
 I shall embrace my love.

Hurrah” !

“ My soul is all on fire !
 I tremble with desire ;
 Take me, thou bold bridegroom,
 For thee my wreath shall bloom !

Hurrah” !

“ Why in thy scabbard bounding,
 My iron joy art sounding ?
 So eager for the foe,
 My sword, why rings’t thou so ?

Hurrah” !

“ Within the sheath I rattle,
 I nerve me for the battle ;
 With wild and eager might,
 I tremble for the fight.

Hurrah” !

“ Wait in thy narrow bower,
 My love, 'tis not thine hour ;
 Wait but a little space,
 Soon comes the wish'd embrace.

Hurrah” !

“ Too long the sheath hath bound me,
 Love's garden blooms around me ;
 I feel the rose's breath,
 Red with the hues of death.

Hurrah” !

“ So come thou soul of fire,
 Thou warrior heart's desire ;
 Come sword where valor calls,
 E'en to my Father's halls.

Hurrah” !

In bridal ranks victorious,
 Oh the free air is glorious !
 How doth the steel bride's glance,
 Bright in the sunbeam dance.

Hurrah” !

“ Come on thou warrior peerless,
 On German rider fearless ;
 Will not thine heart grow warm,
 Thy darling on thine arm.

Hurrah” !

One stolen glance he snatches,
 The sword's wild glimmer catches ;
 Then grasps her in his right,
 A bride in heaven's sight
 Hurrah" !

" Prest close to thine, love's fire
 Will those steel lips inspire,
 Till unto life they wake—
 Curst who such bride forsake !
 Hurrah" !

With burning sparks surrounding,
 The bride's clear voice is sounding :
 Now dawns the wedding tide,
 "Hurrah, my iron bride.
 Hurrah" !

WAR SONG

KÖRNER.

Mount, warrior mount, in thine arm'd array,
Free lies thy path through the world's highway;
Loud shall the taunts be that fill thine ear,
But thine arm and thine heart are too strong
for fear.

“ On, noble barb, and bear me well,
There blooms the oaken wreath ;
Strike out ! strike out ! for I must ride
To the gay dance of death.”

The warrior looks to the cloudless sky,
Thence comes the courage that fills his eye ;
It turneth not to the plain beneath,
Where soon he may rest in the arms of death.
Care and sorrow are left behind,
The wife and child ador'd ;
Before him death or freedom stand,
And at his side his sword.

He goes where the bridal banquet lies,
 The marriage crown is the glorious prize ;
 He who would let the fair bride wait,
 Shall merit each brave man's bitter hate.

Bold honour is the wedding guest,
 Our native land the bride ;
 And he who clasps her in his arms,
 Must fate and death deride.

But oh 'twere a joyful thing to rest,
 Thro' the darksome night on her tender breast,
 While slumb'ring soft in the arms of love,
 The eyes of the faithful keep watch above.

And as the oak tree's banner green,
 By spring once more unfurl'd ;
 She'll waken thee with joyous pride,
 In freedom's chainless world.

Liberty's flag is in fortune's clasp,
 Let it furl or flow in that wanton grasp ;
 While German warriors wield the brand,
 It still shall grace our native land.

The glory our Fathers won,
 These swords shall still maintain ;
 In dark defeat, in red retreat,
 Or on victorious plain.

CONSOLATION.

AFTER THE CONCLUSION OF THE TRUCE.

KÖRNER.

Oh why my soul so heavy,
Beneath oppression's rod ;
There yet is hope in heaven,
Our God is freedom's God,

Then let the tyrant threaten,
He cannot reach the star
Of freedom and of glory,
That burns in light afar.

Thro' sorrow's midnight heavy,
Death dyed that planet red ;
And the blood of fallen thousands,
Its lamp with glory fed.

I see the fetters broken !

I hail the tyrant's doom ;
And the palm of victory grows again,
On the German hero's tomb.

Then why my soul so heavy,
Beneath oppression's rod ;
There yet is hope in Heaven,
Our God is freedom's God.

OUR CONFIDENCE

KÖRNER.

With confidence on thee reposing,
Thy Word our sure defence we see ;
And hell's dark shadows round us closing,
Shall never draw our hearts from thee.
For tho' destruction sweep the land,
We know thy faithful Word shall stand,

Our faith no easy conquest gaineth,
Such good must dearly purchas'd be ;
With equal force the wine press straineth,
Ere from the grape the juice flows free :
And e're to life an angel wake,
In death a human heart must break

Then tho' on wicked falsehood planted,
 Deceit may raise her temple high ;
 Tho' power to knavish churls be granted,
 And virtue blush and manhood sigh ;
 And tho' the dastard's trembling hand,
 Be rais'd against a waken'd land.

Brother from brother dear dividing,
 By bloody hatred hurried on ;
 And German princes still deriding
 The lesson that their crowns are one —
 That 'neath one banner broad unfurl'd,
 They might give laws to half the world.

Still, still, with patient courage striving,
 We trust the glorious hour to see,
 When thou away the tyrant driving,
 Shalt make thy German people free ;
 And tho' the time be far away,
 Who knows like thee the proper day.

The day, when fate no more appalling,
 Ordains the end of tyranny ;
 When 'neath thy sword the tyrant falling,
 Shall swell our streams with redder dye—
 With dastard blood, and patriot blood,
 Fulfil thy will, we own it good.

DRINKING SONG BEFORE BATTLE

KÖRNER.

Hark, battles sound !
Haste we to the joyous meeting ;
With a gallant German greeting,
Brothers, draw round.

Wine floweth still,
Yet before the drum's hoarse rattle ;
Bid us hasten to the battle,
Fill, brothers, fill.

Oh ! Father, hear,
As by the grave's dark portal ;
With patriot love immortal,
Brothers we swear.

Hear, Fatherland,

Lo ! thy sons are vow'd to sunder

Every chain thou groanest under,

With heart and hand.

Listen, 'tis nigh !

Whether joy or grief await us,

Fate can never separate us,

Brothers, fill high.

Hark ! hark again,

The eager trumpets call us ;

Whether life or death befall us,

The goblet drain.

FROM KÖRNER'S REMAINS.

The storm hath burst, for our homes we stand,
Who's the coward that lingers with folded hand;
Shame on the loit'rer, wherever he bide,
By the merry maid, or the warm fireside.

He's but a base and pityful churl,
Unworthy the kiss of a German girl—
Of the German poets song divine,
Or quickening draught of the German wine.

Strike with me,
Each German free,
For love and home, and liberty.

When shivering on the midnight plain,
 We wake to hear the plashing rain ;
 Thy limbs on a downy couch may lie,
 Dreaming in silken luxury.

Yet art thou a base, &c.

When the trumpet's deaf'ning clamour rolls,
 Like heaven's thunder on our souls,
 Thou may'st listen to music's numbers,
 Till grief is forgotten, and sadness slumbers.

Yet art thou, &c.

When we 'neath the hot sun's burning gleam
 Pant for a drop of the cooling stream ;
 A reveller deep at the groaning board,
 For thee may the bright champagne be pour'd.

Yet art thou, &c.

When we mid the battle's deadly swell,
 Think on the pain of love's last farewell ;
 Mid the haunts of vice thou may'st wander
 bold,
 And purchase the hireling's love with gold.

Yet art thou, &c.

On the whistling ball, on the rushing lance,
 May death in his sternest form advance ;
 While thou at the dice may'st play thy part,
 In the subtle gamester's treacherous art.

Yet art thou a base, &c.

Our hour may strike on the bloody heath,
All hail to the glorious soldier-death ;
While thou in the folds of thy silken bed,
Shall turn from thy doom with a dastard's
dread.

Then die ! like a cowardly shrinking slave,
Maidens' grief shall not hallow thy grave ;
No bard shall sing his exulting stave,
No cup be drain'd to the fallen brave.
Strike with me,
Each German free,
For love, and home, and liberty.

WHAT IS LEFT US?

KÖRNER.

When the strong pillars of our land are falling,
When to our God in vain we cry for aid ;
When brave men's wounds for vengeance are calling,
By hope forsaken, and by friends betray'd.
Say what is left us when the youth unfearing,
Attacks in vain the tyrant's dungeon hold ?
When Spartan virtue, and heroic daring
Yield their red harvest, corse on corpses rolled,
Is nothing left us ? tho' the right be ours,
Helplessly bending 'neath fate's heavy hand ;
The while thro' freedom's desecrated bowers,
Stalks the red tyrant with his murd'ring band.
Is nothing left us when our warm blood flowing,
Is vainly shed upon our country's tomb ?

And freedom's star of German life once glowing,
 Setting above, it wraps our world in gloom.
 Is nothing left us? knowledge pours her waters,
 Art's shining lamp hath blest our favour'd strand ;
 But now its peaceful taper quench'd in slaughters,
 Lights not the ruin of our Fatherland.
 Music's sweet voice is hush'd beneath God's anger,
 Turn'd to the wailing note of slavery ;
 Homer had never swept the breathing lyre,
 Had not his own, his Grecian, land been free.
 Is nothing left us? shall the holy altar,
 Rais'd by our hand, by us be overthrown
 While 'neath misfortune's heavy hand we falter,
 And with a patient grief our fate bemoan ?
 Or shall we, 'neath our hopeless burden sighing,
 Behold God's finger in the awful scene,
 Where the fierce angel of man's wrath is crying,
 And where the fiendish deed bespeaks the fiend.
 Is nothing left us with averted faces
 Have all good angels, sighing, turn'd away,
 While hope's fair buds bewail their faded graces,
 And fame her broken wreath of wither'd bays ?
 Oh for a refuge in this bitter hour !
 Is there no arm to succour and to save,
 From dark disgrace—from fate's o'erwhelming power
 Is there no refuge but the silent grave ?
 There is, there is, our German youth are rising,
 A hero spirit fills the waken'd land !

Fearless of danger—chains and death despising,
 To save their country, nerves each heart and hand.
 E'en now, from freedom's darken'd temple shining,
 Mark the clear sun of liberty arise ;
 Oh, German people, 'neath oppression pining !
 Behold her herald in the brightening skies ;
 Proudly the cheering star of hope shone o'er you,
 But faded soon will morning bring it back—
 Said I, a star, behold it glows before you,
 With peace and freedom on its golden track :
 Shine on ! shine on ! of peace and freedom telling,
 Star of my country, worshipp'd of the brave ;
 Roll on, ye clouds, with teeming thunder swelling,
 The Lord is strong to succour and to save.
 Though for a time to hell be power given,
 And though the hated tyrant's sword be bare ;
 E'en his bold hand can never compass heaven,
 Or reach our glorious star that glitters there :
 Tho' in the night our gallant youth have perished,
 Ere rose that star of freedom's holy dawn ;
 Yet shall they live where hero souls are cherished,
 Beneath a brighter sun that lights a nobler morn.

LAMENT OF KÖRNER,
WHEN HE WAS APPOINTED, FOR A LONG TIME
TO WATCH THE BANKS OF THE ELBE.

Fatherland thy voice complaining,
Roused the bard from peace and rest ;
Hatred of the foe constraining,
Love and song no more detaining ;
Calm the tempest of his breast ;
Yet he turned, with bosom smarting,
From his comrades' joyous line ;
Baptized in the woes of parting,
And was thine.

Often did his mournful glances,
To the past in sorrow rove,
Where the stream in music dances,

Bearing on the poet's fancies,
 To the golden land of love.
 All in vain your spells ye weave him,
 While the hours that darken round,
 Mid life's noisy tumult leave him,
 Tempest bound.

Here, alas, I waste the hour,
 War's bright sun hath set for me ;
 Give me song in beauty's bower !
 Or the warrior's dauntless power.
 Give me death or poesie,
 Oh once more my lip inspire ;
 Grant me love's delicious light,
 Or with heart and sword on fire,
 Give the fight.

Hark the cannon's rolling thunder,
 And the drums of yon far host ;
 Princes and their crowns may sunder,
 While I stand in idle wonder,
 Guardian of the silent coast.
 Fount of song, renown'd in story,
 Cheer me in my utmost need :
 Break thou loose in waves of glory,
 But with speed.

SONG OF THE BLACK JAGERS.

KÖRNER.

Up, sturdy hunters, light and free,
The musket from the wall ;
Courage o'er stormy seas can go,
Then seek the field and seek the foe,
Hark, hark, 'tis Austria's call !

The north, the south, the east, the west,
Around our standard rally ;
From all the hills that bear the vine,
From pleasant Elbe and father Rhine,
And from the Donau valley.

Brothers, we shall together stand,
And that makes courage good ;
One holy oath unites our band,
One blessed hope, one lovely land,
And faithful German blood.

We seek not wealth, we seek not fame,
Bought by another's woe ;
Against a tyrant's hateful might,
We draw our swords till death to fight,
For this our blood must flow.

There are at home who love us well,
But they to heaven must cry ;
While we uphold, e'en with our blood,
That freedom is the highest good,
Though tens of thousands die.

Then sturdy hunters, light and free,
Tho' Gretchen's tears may flow ;
Heaven still defends the holy right,
Freedom we'll find, or death to night,
Up, hunters, on the foe.

FROM TASSO'S AMINTA.

Oh never hath the ear of man
My mournful secret heard ;
But the flowing streams and sighing woods
Have with its grief been stirred.

And thou, the friend of early years,
I read thine anxious eye ;
To thee I leave my solemn charge,
And then contented die.

So thou, when friends draw near, and stand
Beside the youthful dead,
Marvelling why at early morn,
He sought night's dreary bed.

Shalt lift thy voice, each tender sigh,
 Each bitter sob above ;
 And say the young Amintas died
 Of unrequited love.

Then ye shall lay me in the grave,
 Beneath yon spreading tree ;
 And let these words upon its bark,
 Deeply indented be.

“ Ye shepherds bold, and beauteous nymphs,
 That roam this pleasant grove ;
 Know that the young Amintas died
 Of unrequited love.”

And should the haughty Silvia's step,
 In triumph pass me by ;
 She'll smile to see her trophies writ,
 And read by every eye.

And then, perhaps, in after years,
 But 'tis a daring thought—
 Her eye may glance upon my grave,
 By tender pity taught.

And from her lip these words may flow,
 Forgotten all her pride ;
 “ Here sleeps the fond and faithful one,
 Who liv'd, and lov'd, and died.

SOLILOQUY OF COUNT EGMONT
IN PRISON.

GÖETHE.

'Thou that hast ever been true till now,
Lay thy soft hand on my weary brow
Again, as of yore 'twas wont to fall,
Like leaves of a love-woven coronal :
Let me dream of her who sits alone,
Waiting my coming, the faithful one !
Long may she sit with her bright hair bound,
While the lazy wheel goes slowly round ;
The flowers are fading on her breast,
She has watch'd the pale moon go to rest ;
The hum is o'er of the busy feet,
That pass all day thro' the crowded street ;
And midnight darkens the silent air,
But her tardy lover comes not there.

Sweet maid, no more shall thy true heart beat,
 To hear the sound of those well-known feet ;
 My Clara, death's shadows darkly lie
 Over him for whom thou fain wouldst die.

Oh spirit of slumber hear my call,
 From drowsy depths of thy cavern hall ;
 Again let thy dusky wings be spread,
 To banish care from the captive's bed :
 In thy quiet harbour my soul might moor,
 A broken barque on a friendly shore.
 Alas ! sweet sleep, thou hast spread thy wing,
 Thy balm on happier lids to fling ;
 The prisoner's couch is no home for thee,
 Only the brow of the glad and free.

A mournful train approach instead,
 And threatening shake each heavy head ;
 Sunk-eyed despair beside me lingers,
 Lays on my breast his leaden fingers :
 While bending shame with hidden face,
 And shuddering whisper breathes disgrace.

Away my guardian angel stands,
 The laurel in her lifted hands ;
 Bright honour—we were ever near !
 In life or death—thou still art here ;
 Beside the grave, before the throne,
 To challenge Egmont for thine own :
 Away to them from whom ye came,
 Oh chill despair ! oh trembling shame !
 Shake the stern bosom of the king,
 And Margaret's heart with anguish wring ;
 Let crafty Alva learn to fear
 A day of retribution near.

None by a rougher path e'er came,
 To tread the steep ascent of fame ;
 None with a firmer step hath trod,
 Upon that loose and shaking sod :
 Now downward flung I will not lie,
 With quivering lip and quailing eye.

Towering above the forest throng,
 Its crown of glory green and strong,
 Lord of the woods a tall oak grew,
 Drank the glad air, and quaff'd the dew :
 His spreading boughs a shelter made
 For all that grew beneath his shade.

But lowliness is, aye, defence,
And danger dwells with eminence :
From cradling clouds the lightning broke,
And fell upon the doomed oak :
That stately head to earth went down,
With all its green unfaded crown ;
Those it had served looked coldly on
The ruin of that mighty one.
So shall I fall, hope's treacherous light
Is fading 'neath the breath of night ;
The haughty head that soared so high,
Must in the dust of ruin lie ;
But not like thine when life is o'er,
Lord of the woods to rise no more ;
The stedfast soul that God hath given,
Turns from the earth to gaze on heaven.
No longer fear'd, no longer seen,
The gulph that lyeth dark between.

THE SAME TRUMPET THAT OFTEN CALLED
HIM TO BATTLE, SOUNDED TO WARN HIM
THAT THE SCAFFOLD WAS PREPARED.

GÖETHE'S COUNT EGMONT.

Sound, trumpet, 'tis the latest note,
Of thine shall fill mine ear ;
I deemed thy warlike knell should swell,
Above a soldier's bier.

In thought I journey'd to my grave,
Borne by old comrades dear ;
While my good steed with drooping head,
Marched slowly in the rear.

Sweet is the harp when evening falls,
To chaunt a lover's praise ;
Viol and lute, and mellow flute,
The downcast heart may raise.

But not like thine, thou voice of power,
The soldier hears thy strain ;
His soul turns back on battle's track,
He lives the past again.

They come—the dungeon's groaning gate
Falls heavy on mine ear ;
One long shrill blast, it is the last,
That I shall ever hear.

And now death clasps me by the hand,
He claims me for his own ;
Yet cannot still the joyous thrill,
Oh trumpet ! of thy tone.

THE VIOLET.

GÖETHE.

By woodland paths a violet grew,
All hidden in her leaves ;
As one whose life rejoices none,
Whose death no lover grieves .

To Zephyr sigh'd the simple one,
“ Would that I were the rose ;
Peeping from her green canopy,
How royally she blows.”

When lo a graceful shepherdess,
Came dancing on her way ;
She tripp'd along the mossy path,
Singing a rustic lay.

Ah, little foolish violet,
 Rejoice thy leaves among ;
For is not lowly humbleness,
 The best defence from wrong.

Yon maid hath pluck'd the envied rose,
 And left thee in thy nest ;
All the red leaves that look'd so brave,
 Are fading on her breast.

Far from the solemn haunts of pride,
 In safe tranquility ;
Oh may I, gentle violet,
 Wither and bloom like thee.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

SCHILLER.

You still grove looks dimmer,
'Neath the fair moon's faint and dying glimmer,
Night's dark spirit murmurs on the gale,
 'Thro' mists that round them swim,
 The stars look dim—
Their fading lamps grown wan and sadly pale.
Who are these all still and drooping?
 In death's array advancing, hand in hand,
In procession o'er the dark bier stooping
 By the quiet place of death they stand.

Mark yon aged one,
With his crutches faintly tott'ring on.

No healing tears moisten his sunken cheek,
 But on his lip a cry
 Of bitter agony,
 Comes from a heart that bends, but cannot
 break.

What solemn voice is whisp'ring in his ear,
 Thro' his chill frame a cold damp shudder flies;
 Did "Father" echo from the still borne bier?
 See how his silver hairs in terror rise,

E'en to that fancied sound,
 Answers each deep, each newly-open'd wound;
 As thro' the father's soul,
 Hell's sorrows roll,
 Bursts from his anguish'd lip—"my son,
 my son!"

Coldly, coldly, is thy treasure sleeping,
 And the father's golden dream is o'er;
 Coldly, coldly, is thy treasure sleeping,
 To awake and love on earth no more.

Mild as when zephyr thro' Eden is sighing,
 Fresh as the breeze of the earliest morn;
 Over the meadows his fleet step was flying,
 He rose with Aurora to welcome the dawn;
 When evening came on, with her calmer hour,
 Oh then is the time for the vows of love:
 His voice was low in the maiden's bower,
 Or he wander'd with her in the twilight grove.

Fearless he sprung mid the tumult of men,
 As over the mountains the bounding roe,
 His wishes soar'd higher than young eagles
 can,

Yea, e'en to the portals of heaven they go.
 Proud as the charger that neighs for the fight,
 And tosses his mane mid the rattling of spears,
 Disdaining the curb that represses his might,
 He stood before Princes, and peasants, and
 peers.

Swift as spring days did his hours depart,
 While hope led him on with her joy-seeking
 glance ;
 His cares were all drown'd in the blood of the
 grape,

His griefs were all lost in the whirl of the dance.
 But a deeper spirit within is nurst,
 A promise high for a future hour ;
 Father rejoice for the bud shall burst,
 It shall grow in time to a goodly flower.

Ah, no, Father, opes the yawning portal,
 Death's black angel spreads his wing above ;
 Lo a voice proclaims thy son immortal,
 The grave is dark, alas ! too dark for love.

“ Go, my belov'd, the path of fate to tread,
 Quench'd is the noble fire that warm'd thy
 breast ;

The thirst for joy that fill'd thy spirit late,
 Thou art a dweller in Valhalla's rest.

See him again, there's rapture in the thought,
 Meet thee, belov'd, e'en at Eden's door ;
 The coffin sinks within the yawning ground,
 The earth's clos'd in, and the last rite is o'er,
 Now is each eye with sorrow eloquent,
 Tho' from our trembling lips no words find way ;
 A moment's combat each firm heart is bent,
 For bitter grief will have her tears to-day.

Yon still grove looks dimmer,
 'Neath the fair moon's faint and dying glimmer ;
 Night's dark spirit murmurs on the gale,
 Thro' mists that round them swim,
 The stars look dim,
 Their fading lights grown wan and sadly pale
 But one more look, ere they two can sever,
 The sods are pil'd in, thou shalt gaze no more ;
 The gates of the tomb are clos'd for ever,
 Nought will the miser death restore.

THE MINSTREL'S FAVOURITE
GUERDON.

GÖETHE.

“ The storm beats on my aged head,

It sweeps my harp strings frail ;

In pity ope your stately gates,

For shelter from the gale.

In your cups the purple wine flows free,

But the tempest pours its wrath on me,

My heart within me dies.”

“ Who knocks so loudly at our gate,

Why does the drawbridge fall ?

Bid ye the wand’ring harper come,

Page, lead him to our hall.”

The young page standeth before the king,

“ Boy, quickly hither the minstrel bring,

We’ll hear his harp to-night.”

“ I greet you well, ye noble lords,

I greet you, ladies bright ;

Oh heaven of stars ! the midnight sky

Shows not such brilliant light.

The sight of this fair company,

Dazzles mine unaccustom’d eye,

I scarcely dare to sing.”

He paus'd, then rais'd his full blue eye,
 Burst forth his rich deep voice,
 It woke full many a lady's sigh,
 Bade each brave knight rejoice :
 The King who lov'd a carol bold,
 Sent him a rich wrought chain of gold,
 In Guerdon for his lay.

“ Give not that golden chain to me,
 But to some noble knight ;
 Who bravely bears him in the lists,
 And conquers in the fight :
 Or give it to yon ladye fair,
 To deck the gold lengths of her hair,
 'Twill grace their beauty well.

“ But I sing as the small bird sings,
 Amid the green boughs dwelling ;
 All for love of the gay science,
 Deep in my bosom swelling :
 Yet bring me here, from the trailing vine,
 One cup of mighty Rhenish wine,
 And take your worthless gold.”

They fill the cup—deep, deep, he drinks,
 Laud to the generous vine ;
 And praise be to the royal board,

Where we may quaff such wine.
Now fare thee well, thou noble king,
In such a hall I love to sing
 To such fair company.

Sacred Pieces.

THE SONG OF DEBORAH
AND BARAK.

Then uprose holy Deborah,
And she and Barak sung
A glorious song of holy praise,
That through the valleys rung.

Hail to the great avenger
Of Israel's many woes ;
Who gave her people willing hearts
To stand before their foes.

Give ear, O kings and princes,
I, even I, will raise
My voice, the God of Israël,
The Lord of hosts to praise.

When out of Seir thou marchedst
 Through Edom's fertile plain ;
 The earth was troubled, and the heavens
 O'ercharg'd with dropping rain.

The mountains melted from before
 Thy presence as in fear ;
 And Sinài herself was mov'd,
 Beholding God so near.

In Shamgar's time no traveller
 Might tread the public way ;
 But he must seek unwonted paths,
 Or be the spoiler's prey.

The villages deserted lay,
 Or fill'd by stranger foes ;
 Until a mother in our land,
 I, Deborah, arose.

Because my people chose new gods,
 Was war within her gate :
 Unarm'd her wretched children stood,
 As men for death who wait.

My heart is with the governors
 Of Israel's chosen race ;
 Because they came with willing hearts,
 Nor shrunk the foe to face.

Speak ye that ride in solemn state,
 And ye that walk the way ;
 Who hear no more the chariot's noise,
 Where bubbling waters play :

Stand there beside the living stream,
 Which his right hand hath won ;
 Rehearsing in the people's ears
 What God the Lord hath done.

Awake, awake ! O Deborah,
 Awake, awake, and sing ;
 Thou, Barak, thy captivity
 Captive in triumph bring.

Few nobles had we left to guide
 Our people to the fight ;
 And I, a helpless woman, stood
 Strong in Jehovah's might.

A remnant came from Ephraim,
 And Benjamin to war ;
 And Machir sent forth governors
 With Zebulon from far :

And Issachar sent Princes,
 By Deborah to stand ;
 But valiant Barak went on foot,
 Before to search the land.

Why mid the folds abiding,
 So long dost thou delay ?
 For Reuben, with himself at war,
 Our hearts were mov'd that day.

Beyond the Jordan Gilead stay'd,
 Nor came to take his place ;
 And why did Dan remain in ships,
 His lineage to disgrace ?

Zebulon came, a gallant host,
 And faithful Napthali ;
 In the high places of the field
 Stood forth to win or die.

By clear Megiddo's waters,
 The kings came down to fight :
 They fought, but bore away no spoil,
 No foeman's armour bright :

They fought from Heaven, the adverse stars
 Rode on the tempest cloud
 To battle against Sisera—
 To battle with the proud.

I saw the river Kishon,
 His ancient waters roll
 Above their heads—Thou on their strength
 Hast trodden, O my soul !

By reason of the prancings
 Of Canaan's mighty ones ;
 Their horses' hoofs were broken,
 Against the flinty stones.

Oh curse ye, Meroz, saith our God,
 And be her name abhorr'd ;
 Because her people would not come
 To battle for the Lord :"

But famous in all ages,
 Shall Heber's Jael be ;
 'Mongst women there shall none arise
 More glorious than she :

When to her tent came Sisera,
 Escap'd from war and slaughter ;
 And crav'd to cool his burning lips,
 A single draught of water.

She with deceitful hand brought milk,
 And pray'd him drink his fill ;
 And serv'd him on a lordly dish,
 And bade him fear no ill.

But when o'ercome with weariness,
 He slumber'd in her tent ;
 She took a hammer in her hand,
 And o'er the sleeper bent ;

She set a nail against his brow,
 She drove it to his brain ;
 And Sisera, the heathen chief,
 Shall never rise again.

Where at her feet he sank in sleep,
 To close his weary eye ;
 E'en where he bowèd, there he fell,
 And bow'd him but to die.

The mother of proud Sisera
 Beside her lattice kneels ;
 To listen for his courser's hoofs—
 His sounding chariot wheels :

But evening darkens on the air,
 And trooping shadows throng ;
 Why comes he not to bless her sight,
 Why tarries he so long ?

Her ladies wise made answer ;
 Yea, she herself did say,
 Have they not conquer'd, and awhile
 Pause to divide the prey ?

Each warrior leads such damsels
 As grace the halls of kings ;
 And Sisera, of needlework,
 A glorious garment brings.

A garment, by the cunning hands
Of Israel's maidens wrought ;
Meet for the victor spoiler's neck,
And home in triumph brought.

So perish all thine enemies,
O Lord, before thy sight ;
But they that love thee, like the sun,
Go forth in all their might.

RUTH AND NAOMI,

Slow was the matron's step, her drooping head
Told of the grief that mourns the lately dead !
While the fix'd sorrow of her hopeless eye,
Spoke of a heart whose joys had all past by.
“ Is this Naomi, who came forth in pride,
The happy mother, and the cherish'd bride :
Who deem'd her slow approaching age should see
Her children's children dandled on her knee.
Where is the tender voice that cheer'd her way,
The arm still prompt her fainting step to stay ;
Where the two youths who bounded blythe along,
And made the forest joyous with their song ?
The grass grows o'er them in a stranger land,
The harp responds not to their tuneful hand.

Their unstrung bows hang idle on the wall,
 Their voices ring not thro' the silent hall ;
 She comes back empty—she returns alone,
 Who seem'd of Israel's dames the favour'd one.
 Call her no longer by the name she bore,
 Let Mara be her name for evermore ;
 For bitterly with her our God hath dealt,
 And bitter is the anguish she hath felt :
 But ye, fair daughters of an alien race,
 “ Return from me to your appointed place ;
 For you the flowers of hope again may bloom,
 My goal, my anchor, is the quiet tomb.
 Return, my daughters of the mourner blest,
 And in another husband's home find rest :
 God pour his blessings on each gracious head,
 As ye have kindly dealt with me and with my dead.”

Then Orpah kiss'd her mother, and withdrew—
 But Ruth clave to her, faithful, fond, and true ;
 She could not leave her in her deep distress,
 To tread alone grief's dreary wilderness :
 She had been with her when her path was bright,
 She stands beside her in the midst of night.
 “ Entreat me not to leave thee ! for my heart
 Is bound with thine, and I will not depart :
 Where thy steps go, my own shall follow still,
 Partaker of thy good, and of thine ill :

Thy God shall be my God—thy country mine,
And when I die my bones shall rest with thine ;
May I the Almighty's hand in all its weight abide.
If ought but death have power to bid me leave thy side

HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH
PSALM.

We sate and wept in Babylon,
Beside the waters free ;
O Zion ! City of our God,
When we remember'd thee.

As for our harps we hanged them,
The willow trees among ;
For they that led us captive here,
Requir'd then a song.

And melody in heaviness,
But we, how shall we sing ;
To stranger ears, in foreign lands.
The songs of God our King.

If ever, O Jerusalem !

Thy memory leave my heart ;
May my right hand forget for aye,
The cunning of her art.

Remember Edom's cry, O Lord,
In Salem's heavy day ;
“ Down with her, even to the dust.
Her stones in ruin lay.”

Daughter of haughty Babylon,
Wasted with misery ;
Who giveth thee thy due reward,
How happy shall he be !

Yea, blessed that with holy zeal,
Thy helpless little ones
Shall take, and with unpitying hand,
Dash on the flinty stones.

“BRETHREN PRAY FOR US.”

Arise, O man of God, and show thyself
All that a holy Christian priest should be :
'Thou art a city set upon a hill,
And cans't not hide thyself : a thousand eyes
Scan all thy motives—magnify thy faults—
And drag thy follies thro' a jeering world.
While bad men blame the church—unhappy mother
Of careless sons—yet she within her arms
Bore you still infants—sign'd the holy cross
On each young brow, and bade you keep the faith,
Like stedfast soldiers striving against sin
Under Christ's banner. When the tender mind
Grew strong to hear the wisdom of the word,
She shew'd you what a heritage was yours :

Unveil'd the mystery of Godliness :
 Eternal justice duly satisfied :
 The Deity made manifest in flesh :
 Beheld of angels—preach'd in heathen lands :
 Believ'd on in the world—and when that last
 Fell sacrifice endur'd for man was o'er,
 Received into glory. On, still on,
 She led you thro' the mazes of the law,
 Taught you that prayer which first from holy lips
 Flow'd for a blessing to the end of time ;
 Reminded you of that erst covenant
 "Twixt you and heaven. When in riper years,
 Before God's altar, with a trembling heart,
 You bent in prayer, the church still utter'd clear
 Her warning notes—her call to penitence ;
 Bade you partake in memory of him
 Who died that you might live. Then gloriously
 Swell'd her full triumph of rejoicing song—
 " With angels, and archangels, and the host
 Of heaven, we laud and magnify thy name,
 For ever praising thee, and saying, " Holy,
 Yea, holy, holy, Lord of earth and heaven !
 Great God of hosts, glory be thine for ever,
 World without end," Perchance, e'en then arose
 In some young heart, too certain of itself.
 A longing for the ministry—to bear
 Christ's holy messages of grace to men
 Were sure a happy task—a privilege

So, with his ardent youth all unsubdued,
 He enters on the work—forgets the snares
 That hedge his path—grows weary at the oar,
 And, waxing careless, truckles to the world,
 Gives men occasion to blaspheme the church,
 Forgets her holy precepts, and then falls—
 And, in that fall, may drag down many souls.

But who art thou that judgest—Is no beam
 Within thine eye, that thou should'st pluck the mote
 Out of thy Pastor's. When those holy words—
 “The Lord be with you,” fill the sacred fane,
 Doth thine heart answer duly—“With thy spirit.”
 Or hast thou pray'd that God would still endue
 His ministers with righteousness? Hast thou
 Gone to his temple, saying in thine heart,
 “This is none other than the house of God,
 And this the gate of heaven, where lowly souls
 Shall find a blessing; hither must I come
 A worshipper—no critic, fearing still,
 Lest itching ears should snare the giddy mind.”
 Pray for a blessing on thy minister—
 His words shall drop into thy ready ear,
 Like dews descending on the new-mown grass.
 Thou canst not know the burden on his soul,
 The bitterness of fearing labour lost,
 Of hope deferr'd that maketh sick the heart.

When some dark soul hangs trembling on the verge
 Of that great gulf which closes mortal view,
 He sees the work that might have occupied
 A well-spent life, deferr'd to those last hours
 So full of pain and weakness ; dares not breathe
 One word of comfort to a mind forlorn.
 Is yon half-breathless body gasping forth
 A trembling prayer, cut short by agony,
 A fitting offering to present to God ?
 When the warm tide danc'd in the youthful veins
 In life's gay morning—say, was He remember'd ?
 When vig'rous manhood harder grasp'd the world,
 Was He remember'd ? When advancing age
 Set frost upon that brow, and dimm'd that eye,
 Was God remember'd ? No, the word was still
 " Soul, take thine ease : " But then a bony hand
 Fell cold on his, and, urg'd by desperate fear,
 He sends some weeping kinsman to the priest,
 And his sad pastor comes to see him die,
 Without the blessing that he dares not give.
 Oh then, methinks, not all unfelt by him,
 The Saviour's agony, from whose wan brow
 Sin wrung great drops of blood, that fell to earth.

And thou, oh man of God, stand on thy watch ;
 Remember whose ambassador thou art,

And magnify thine office. Gird around thee
 The great sword of the spirit ; on thy brow
 Set thou salvation's helmet ; on thy bosom
 The shining breast-plate of pure righteousness,
 And with the shield of faith, go forth to win
 Souls to Christ's fold—" Reprove, rebuke, exhort,
 Be instant in all seasons, till at last,
 The warfare ended, and the conflict o'er,
 " 'The peace of God, which passeth understanding,'"
 Shall fill thy soul—and thou shalt stand and say,
 " Here am I, with the children thou hast given ;"
 And hear those blessed words—" Well done, well done,
 Thou good and faithful servant, enter thou
 Into thy master's joy"—the joy of heaven.
 For " they that many turn to righteousness,
 Shall shine like stars in glory : " He that wins
 A sinner from the error of his ways,
 Shall save a soul from death—yea, even hide
 A multitude of sins that cry to heaven.

INFANT WRONGS.

THE WORLD HATH GOT ENOUGH OF GLOOM
TO CHARGE WITH BLACK THE FAIREST PLUME.

T. HOOD.

From a low cottage in a narrow street,
Came a faint cry of weakness and of pain,
The small shrill voice of early infancy :
Look through the lattice—lo ! an aged crone
Is seated by the fire, and on her lap
A baby lies—the world's inhabitant
But one short month : yet in that little space
Have years of pain been crowded ; see, its hands
Are blue and clenched, as though in agony,
While the old dame, she means it kindly, too,
Would force between its pale unwilling lips
Ungrateful aliment ; so have I seen
A little bird that in its parent's nest
Lay warm and happy, snatched by schoolboy hands
That meant no harm, nor knew the fragile thread
Of the small creature's life so easy broken :

So the poor timid hapless unfledg'd thing
 Gasps out its little breath, and dies before
 It sees the blossoms of the opening spring—
 The glory of the summer, or the tints
 That make sad autumn beautiful—nor lends
 Its voice to swell the chorus of the woods.
 So, too, this babe—this squalid weak-eyed child,
 Under a mother's eye, nurs'd on her breast,
 Had bloom'd, perchance, into as fair a flower
 As decks the nobles' halls ; but now it droops,
 Loathes its unwholesome food, and longs for that
 Which nature gave—a fount of infant bliss
 For it alone. But high-born lips require
 To drink from nature's fount—unnatural theft !
 The mother goes to clasp a noble babe,
 And leaves the child of sin and shame to die.
 To die ! but in what untold agony
 Those small distorted features only show,
 And the low moan that breaks the evening gloom.

Up starts the crone, and dons her rusty cloak,
 Quoth she, " The little soul will die unblest,
 And find no place in consecrated ground ;
 So I must take it to the minister,
 With all the haste that time hath left to me."

Lower and lower grew the baby's sobs,
 And when the woman stood before the priest

So still it lay, as if the happy thought
 Of a new home, a soothing dream of heaven
 Had lull'd its pain to rest—above it bent
 The holy man—"Alas, poor babe," he sigh'd,
 "God take thee soon to thine appointed rest."

Now is the rite perform'd—the ancient dame
 Bears off her little charge—nor knows the while
 How holy is her burden—sees no change
 Between the child of wrath she look'd on late
 And that she looks on now—"the child of God,
 Member of Christ, inheritor of heaven."

And now again they reach the cottage hearth,
 And those strong agonies have seized the babe
 Which soon must wear its tender life away.
 Ah ! me, that piteous look ! it should be fix'd
 Only upon a loving mother's face,
 And not the dim eye of that aged crone,
 Who hath seen death, till quite familiar grown,
 She shudders not to feel his very hand.
 Ah me ! that piteous, that patient look ;
 Had you or I beheld it, it had been
 A haunting shadow on our hearts for days--
 Marring the sunshine of delicious hours.

But see how faint the weary struggle grows
"Twixt failing life and strong mortality,
The slack hand falls, the tender brows unbend,
The small chest heaves no more, and all is still.
Yea, all is still ; a little quiet corpse
Is left below—a soul hath gone to God.

THE WINDS.

“THE WIND BLOWETH WHERE IT LISTETH.”

Thou mighty messenger of heaven,
That gently now cans't sing ;
Hast borne the hail-storm on thy blast,
The thunder on thy wing.

Tho' dancing to thy music soft,
The glad waves gently flow ;
Yet they, when thou art angry, shall
Like bounding coursers go.

Thou camest like a conqueror,
Wild traveller of earth ;
Old ocean heard thy voice, and rose
To join thine awful mirth.

Thy step is in the garden bowers,
 Where bending flowers adore thee ;
 Thy march is thro' the forests old,
 Where tall trees bow before thee.

I've heard thee through the lattice sigh,
 And thy voice was soft and low ;
 It stirr'd the curtain's gloomy fold,
 And fann'd the dying brow.

I've heard thee in the lighted hall,
 Comrade of mirth and song ;
 Thy wings with laughter in their flight,
 Like music swept along.

Oh for some wise interpreter !
 To read thy voice sublime ;
 To whisper in the ear of man,
 The mysteries of time.

Where wert thou when the morning star's
 Rejoicing chorus woke ?
 When o'er the realms of gloomy night,
 The new-born sunbeam broke ?

Pause, bold inquirer, for the bounds are set
 Man cannot pass : we hear the mighty wind,

But cannot tell from whence its breezes blow,
Or whither they must wend—enough for us
They show God's power to protect and bless—
To meet his awful wrath they bid us fear.

FUNERAL OF
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

“KNOW YE NOT THAT THERE IS A PRINCE AND A GREAT
MAN FALLEN THIS DAY IN ISRAEL?”

II. SAMUEL, III., 38.

France bore a vanquish'd hero to her shores,
And laid the bones of him she lov'd to rest,
With pomp, and pride, and kingly obsequies ;
She wove new banners, and the tricolor
Mix'd with the eagle, till the bird of Jove
Spread her bold wing, and brooded o'er the land
With undivided empire—for she rose
Another Phœnix, from Napoleon's tomb.
But our unconquer'd warrior's latest march
Was grac'd by trophies of his many fields :
A nation's voice shouted his requiem,
And veteran soldiers followed him, as erst
To red Vittoria, and to Waterloo ;
While foreign lands did honour to his name.

E'en generous France forgot her ancient hate,
 And only sullen Austria stood apart,
 Revenging on the dead her petty wrongs :
 Oh, noble dead ! she could not dim thy glory,
 But stain'd her brow with a perpetual shame.

Men have outliv'd their fame, but thine, more bright
 Burns thro' the mist of time—a guiding star
 To lead the great to glory—shew the brave
 How excellent is honour : it can shield
 A noble name from envy—set a man
 So high above the mean, their poison'd shafts
 May never compass his proud eminence.

Had our dead hero liv'd when time was young,
 Far other praise his mighty deeds had gain'd ;
 Another Mars—a second Hercules
 Had risen to swell the old mythology :
 Admiring countrymen had paid his name
 Honours divine—had styled him demigod ;
 Chosen some blazing galaxy of stars,
 And called the constellation Wellington.
 But we have given his body to the dust—
 Ashes to ashes—with a nobler trust,
 A certain hope of immortality.

And we have rais'd his monument—not marble,
Not bronze, nor brass, but something yet more during
Sculptur'd by love—moulded by memory !
Its pedestal a nation's gratitude—
Its fabric firm—its shrine a people's heart.

THE END.

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